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THE

# SEVEN FIRST CANTOS

OF

# THE MESSIAH:

## A Poem.

BY

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*TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1826.

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Kl0/Sev
43490

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

# PREFACE.

In offering the present volume to the public, the translator will only observe, that while he has endeavoured to render his version as close and faithful a transcript of the original as the idiom of two different languages will permit, and has carefully abstained from incumbering the text with any additions of his own, he has not scrupled to make occasionally such abridgments as have appeared in his judgment indispensably requisite, in order to make a poem of such length acceptable to the taste and habits of the English reader.

Of these abridgments (whenever they exceed two lines), an accurate list shall be given at the

end of the volume: those who are conversant in the German language may, thereby, easily refer to the original; and for the satisfaction of those who are not, a short account of what has been omitted shall be added, whenever the abridgment shall include any material passage.

Should the present attempt be favourably received by the public, who alone can decide on its merits, the remainder of the Poem will be speedily prepared for publication, and will be comprised in one additional volume.

# THE MESSIAH.

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## CANTO I.

# THE MESSIAH.

## CANTO I.

Oh! sing, immortal Soul, the glorious theme
Of sinful Man's Redemption! That great work
On earth accomplish'd by th' Incarnate God,
Whose suff'rings, death, and resurrection, raised
The fallen sons of Adam to the love
Of his Almighty Father. Such the will
Of the Most High. In vain did Satan strive
Against the Son of God; Judah in vain
Tumultuous rose against him: he pursued
His gracious purpose, and fulfill'd his work
Of reconciliation. But, oh deed
Of an All-merciful Divinity!
May poet's art from distance far and dim

Approach thee? Holy Spirit, before whom
I bow in silent worship, consecrate
The muse I seek! Bring her inspir'd by thee,
Fill'd with immortal strength, with rapture's glow,
Bright in celestial beauty! Gird her form
With thine own fire, oh thou, who while thou view'st
Heav'n's deepest mysteries, yet sanctifiest
The heart of earth-born man for thine abode,
Thy living temple! Purify my heart!
So shall I, though with mortal's trembling voice,
Sing the Redeemer; and, forgiven, trace
With tott'ring step the fearful path he trod.
Oh ye, who grateful own the glory shed
O'er earth's frail race, when Man's Creator deign'd
Become his Saviour, listen to my strain!
Hear me, ye noble few, whose ardent love
Is fix'd on your Redeemer, whose firm souls,
Secure in faith, await the final doom,
Hear me! and with your lives of piety,
Combine to celebrate th' Eternal Son!

Near to the sacred City, which had now
In ignorance thrown off the diadem

Of her election, and perversely blind
Herself had desecrated; once a spot
By the Almighty Presence glorified,
The nurse of prophets, now a shrine of blood
By murd'rers shed; near these devoted walls
The Saviour from a multitude withdrew, —
Who worshipp'd him indeed, but not with pure,
Heart-felt, devotion, such as to the eye
Of an all-seeing God guiltless appears.
Jesus from their unhallow'd gaze retir'd.
True, palms lay scatter'd round; still rang the shouts
Of their loud-peal'd hosannas; but in vain!
They knew not him whom as their king they hail'd;
Their eyes in blindness were too darkly seal'd
To view the Blessed One of God. In vain
The Father had himself in thunder spoke:
The mighty voice, "Lo I have glorified
"My name, and I will glorify it still!"
Had vouch'd the presence of the Deity.
But they were steep'd in sin too deep to hear
The words of God, or recognise his voice.
Jesus now sought Jehovah, who in wrath
Withdrew his presence from the sinful crowd,

To whom he spoke in vain. The Son once more
Would with his Father solemnly confirm
His cov'nant to redeem Man's favour'd race.
Eastward beyond Jerusalem arose
A mount, whose misty brow had shrouded oft,
As in a sanctuary, the Saviour's form,
While through the solitary nights he watch'd,
By God alone beheld, in fervent prayer.
Thither the Saviour turn'd; his parting steps
By John alone attended, till they reach'd
The ancient sepulchres; there John remain'd,
But the Redeemer to the summit press'd.
The lofty palms receiv'd him in their shade
As he advanced. Soft winds breath'd round his face,
Whisp'ring the presence of the Deity.
Beneath two spreading cedars, which o'er-arched
The grove's deep-shaded entrance, Gabriel stood,
To whom 'twas giv'n to minister on earth
To the Redeemer. Fix'd the Seraph stood, —
Musing on Man's Salvation, that bright theme
Of triumph through eternity; when now
He view'd the Saviour pass in silence by
Tow'rds his Almighty Father. Gabriel knew

Redemption's hour approach'd, and while the thought
With rapture fill'd his breast, he softly cried,
" Lord, wilt thou pass in prayer the lonely night,
" Or does thy wearied frame refreshment seek?
" Shall I prepare for thine immortal head
" A resting place? Behold the cedars stretch
" Their young shoots greenly forth, and yon soft shrubs
" Offer balsamic leaves! Below, where lie
" The prophets deep-hewn graves, the tender moss
" O'er the cool earth grows thick. Say, shall I there
" Prepare thy bed? How weary are thy limbs,
" Thou Saviour of the world! How sharp the pangs
" Which thus on earth for Adam's fallen race
" Thou dost with love unspeakable endure!"
The Seraph ceas'd. With an approving glance
The Saviour recompens'd his zeal, and pass'd
Serene yet solemn, tow'rd the mountain-top
Which rear'd its brow to Heaven. God was there:
There pray'd the Saviour: far beneath his feet
Earth deep resounded, and a shout was heard
E'en to the gates of Hell, as the glad earth
Receiv'd the sound of the Almighty voice.
For now it spoke no curse. It was no more

A voice on howling storms and thunder borne
Which now the earth receiv'd. She heard the words
Of blessing, the decree that once again
She should with endless beauty be renew'd.
Calm slept the hills in twilight's softest hue,
Lovely, as if primeval paradise
Bloom'd fresh around, while the Messiah spoke.
The Father and the Son the boundless depths
Of destiny beheld. Man's falt'ring tongue
Scarce may attempt his Saviour's words to speak.
" Almighty Father, lo ! Salvation's day,
" The day of our Eternal Covenant,
" Approaches near ! Amidst infinity,
" Alone, ere yet to life created forms
" Were summoned, We together were; with love
" We look'd on Man unborn, a future race,
" Once Eden's happy sons, how wretched grown !
" For endless life, for bliss eternal made,
" Now dust by sin deform'd ! Father, I saw
" Their misery, thou didst behold my tears
" And their redemption was decreed ! Ah since,
" With what desire have I beheld this hour
" Of my humiliation ! Oh how oft,

" Earth in thy lowly distance, hast thou been
" The chosen object of my gaze! How oft,
" Oh Canaan, have I view'd the hill whose brow
" Wet with atoning blood shall soon be seen!
" Father, behold me! In man's semblance here
" Form'd in thine image, lo, I prostrate pray!
" Soon will thy justice rend my bleeding form,
" And crush me deep beneath the dust of death.
" Judge of the World! already from afar
" Mine ear hears thee approach; alone thou com'st,
" Inexorably stern I see thee pass
" And mount to Heav'n! Already thrills my soul
" With horror insupportable by all
" The hosts of finite spirits. I behold
" The gloomy garden where soon, agoniz'd,
" Before thee I shall lie. Lo, I am here!
" Father, with deep obedience am I here
" Resolv'd to do thy will, to bear thy wrath,
" To satisfy thy justice! None but God
" Can reconcile th' offended Deity.
" No finite spirit could support thy wrath; —
" The terrors of thine anger, e'en in thought
" They cannot image. Judge of Earth, arise!

" Receive th' Immortal Victim! Here am I!
" Yet am I free — to thee should I yet pray,
" Heav'n's gate would open, and her shouting hosts
" Bear me in triumph to thy lofty throne:
" But I will suffer! Death's severest pang,
" Eternal as I am, I will endure!
" I lift my face to Heav'n, I stretch my hand
" High mid the clouds, while by myself I swear
" I will redeem Mankind!" The Saviour spoke
And stood erect, while godlike majesty,
Mercy, and peace, beam'd from his brow divine.
In words unheard by angels, known alone
To the Eternal Son the Father spoke;
His eye upon the Mediator bent,
" I raise my head through Heav'n, and spread mine arm
" Through boundless space! By my Eternity,
" I swear to thee that I will pardon sin!"

The Deity was silent. As they spoke
With reverential shudder heav'd the earth.
Souls, which the breath of life now first receiv'd,
With yet unknown sensations trembling thrill'd.
Th' attendant Seraph's breast throbb'd high with awe.

Silent and still expecting Nature lay
Without a sound, as when in solemn pause
She waits the coming thunder. O'er the souls
Of future Christians stole a presage soft
Of immortality and joy. But deep
In Hell's abyss, with sudden shock the fiends
From their dark thrones were hurl'd. Amaz'd they fell,
The gulf yawn'd deeper, while with hideous crash
Down sank the solid rocks. Through her red vaults
Hell thund'ring rang with echoes long and loud.

Before his Father still the Saviour stood,
And felt the woes of his redeeming task
Begin their pressure. O'er his spirit came
The burden of God's wrath; how from his throne
The Judge to earth descending, should on him
The curse, due to a world of sinners, pour;
How on the cross at Golgotha in blood
He should expiring hang. Gabriel afar
Lay prostrate on the earth. The Deity,
Man reconcil'd to God, th' eternal love
Of the Redeemer, o'er his wond'ring sight
Pass'd in ecstatic vision. God himself

Infus'd the thoughts; and now the Seraph rose,
Astonishment and rapture fill'd his soul.
Erect he stood, darting in brilliant rays
Effulgent glory round. The dazzled earth
Melted in light beneath his sparkling form
As thus he shone. But when the Saviour saw
Th' enraptur'd Seraph gilding the whole mount
With glitt'ring radiance, "Gabriel," he exclaim'd,
"Withdraw thy beams, thou serv'st me now on earth!
"But go — I send thee to th' Almighty throne,
"There to petition that to righteous souls,
"To holy patriarchs, to th' assembled hosts
"Of star-crown'd seraphim, the time now ripe
"May be proclaim'd, for which with eager hope
"They long have waited. There may'st thou thy rays
"Bright in angelic splendour round thee dart,
"The messenger of Jesus!"

Gabriel heard
And sprung aloft. From Olivet's dark brow
Jesus beheld his flight; and e'er his course
The rapid angel to the neighbouring sphere
Had yet pursued, the Saviour's prescient eye

Already saw him at the throne of God.
Between th' Eternal Father and the Son
Converse again was held, mysterious, deep,
Involving future destinies, of high
Tremendous import; converse on decrees
Dark e'en to angel's ken, which should exalt
To endless glory Man's now ransom'd race.
Gabriel meanwhile, bright as the dawn's first ray,
Reach'd Heav'ns far verge. There suns their sparkling spheres
Through purest ether roll; their rays enlac'd
A dazzling web of lustre form. No orbs
Opake are there; below the planets dim,
Mid clouds envelop'd, roll their shad'wy globes,
Small and unnoticed, in their distant course,
As grains of dust by moving insects stirr'd
Beneath the wand'rer's foot. A thousand roads
To sight interminable, lit by suns,
Encircle Heav'n. One splendid stream which erst
Tow'rds earth had led, from the immediate foot
Of God's high throne, pursued its lucid way
To Paradise. By this resplendent path
Angels descended, God himself then deign'd

To visit Man. The heav'nly road shone bright
With rainbow hues, with blooming tints of spring.
But when, through sin, Man had become God's foe,
Sudden the crystal stream roll'd back to Heav'n.
No longer would the Seraphim then grace,
In beauty visible, a spot deform'd
By death, but shudd'ring turned away. The hills
Which yet the traces of th' Almighty bore;
The breathing groves, whose whispering voice had oft
Confest the presence of the Deity;
The calm and lovely vallies, by Heav'n's youth
In troops so willingly once visited;
The shady bow'rs, where Man in innocence,
Rejoicing in his immortality,
Had shed warm tears of rapture; all wore now
The burden of the curse. Earth had become
To her once deathless children one wide grave.
Yet, when the morning stars again shall shout
Fresh and triumphant from the last great doom,
While worlds in ashes lie; when God unveil'd
Shall show his glorious face, commingling thus
The universe with Heav'n; then once again
Th' etherial stream from its celestial source

Shall flow, and to a fairer Paradise
Dazzling descend. Ne'er shall the radiant path
Be vacant then, by Heav'n's bright myriads throng'd
To greet the new immortals. Gabriel held,
Meantime, his rapid course, and now attain'd
The fields of light. Deep mid assembl'd suns,—
Her vast unmeasur'd circuit Heav'n displays,
The world's great archetype, the perfect fount,
Whence varied beauty through the universe,
By scatter'd rills dispens'd, more scantly flows.
Still as the Seraph pass'd, the fleeting winds
Brought music to his ear; the silver tones
Ringing melodious from the rolling spheres,
While songs of cherub harpers join'd the strain
Shouting in rapture. Mingled thus, the sounds
Rise to th' Eternal: while with gracious eye
Creation he beholds, Heav'n's joyful songs
Thus echo to his ear.

Oh heavenly muse!
Companion of the Cherubim! who seest
The face of God, and hear'st in solemn chord
The voices of immortals! teach my lips

To sing the notes of Heav'n, the choral strain
Which loud through the celestial concave rung.
" Hail blest abode !" they sung, " Thou chosen place
" Of God's bright presence ! Here do we behold
" God as he was, and is, and still shall be ;
" His face unveil'd, not in the twilight dim
" Of yon far worlds ! We view thee, oh Most High,
" Circl'd by myriads of thy blessed ones !
" Perfection infinite art thou ! In vain
" ' Jehovah' do we name th' Unspeakable,
" In vain with songs inspir'd we strive to reach
" Thy hallow'd image. Fancy cannot paint
" The glories of the Deity. Alone,
" Perfect in majesty art thou ! Yet life
" To happy myriads hast thou deign'd to give,
" Hast spread fair Heav'n before thee, and hast form'd
" Us, her blest habitants. Yes, ere your birth
" Thou younger world, and ye, far Sun and Moon,
" Earth's bright associates, Heav'n's glad plains appear'd
" Creation's earliest-born ! Ages had roll'd
" Of inconceivable eternity,
" When first the Deity benignant deign'd

" This mansion for his glory to select,
" This temple for his presence. At his call
" Heav'n's boundless sphere in all her beauty rose.
" Soft o'er the billows of her crystal sea
" Mov'd the creative voice; her lofty shores,
" Tow'ring like gather'd worlds, receiv'd the sound,
" Ere yet immortal spirits breathed in life.
" Alone, upon his throne sublime, still sat
" Jehovah silent. Shout, ye Cherubim!
" Oh celebrate the silent Deity!
" For then were ye created, pow'rful, bright,
" Etherial, gifted with capacity,
" Raptur'd to comprehend and to adore
" Your glorious Maker! Oh, Most High, to thee
" Unceasing hallelujahs will we sing!
" To solitude thou said'st, ' Exist no more!
" ' Live and rejoice!' was thy benign command
" To thine exulting creatures! Lo, we sing
" Glad hallelujahs to thy lofty name!"

Amid the strain which loud through Heav'n thus rung,
The messenger of Jesus trod the fields
Of dazzling light. The Seraphim had paus'd

In rev'rence to receive th' approving glance
Which, as their bright reward, came beaming down
From God's high throne; when now afar they saw
The Seraph Gabriel mid the sparkling zone
Of distant suns. On him Jehovah look'd,
Heav'n's myriads also gaz'd. He knelt in prayer,
For such a space of time as might suffice
The kneeling Seraph to pronounce the name
Of the all-glorious Trinity: the eye
Of God upon the suppliant was fix'd.
Then speedily advanc'd the First and Chief
Of Heav'n's high Princes, Gabriel, to conduct
Tow'rd the Almighty Throne. The "Chosen One"
Jehovah nam'd the Seraph, but by Heav'n
"Eloa" was he call'd; greatest and first
Of all created forms. One single thought
Which through his spirit darts, far lovelier beams
Than Man's whole soul, e'en when entranc'd in joy
She contemplates her immortality.
His glance more sweetly shines than Spring's gay hue,
Brighter than the young stars when fresh they roll'd
In brilliant circles 'neath their Maker's feet.
First of Creation sprung his soul to life —

Th' Almighty from a ruddy beam drew forth
His soft etherial shape, round which a web
Of misty clouds roll'd thick, till from their shade
The arm of God uprear'd him, while his voice
To joy thus rouz'd his creature: " Turn, behold!
" I am thy Maker!" and Eloa turn'd;
Saw the Eternal; stood in ecstasy;
Then sank o'er-pow'r'd. At length in words broke forth
His new perceptions, the exalted thoughts
With which his mighty bosom swelling heav'd.
The worlds must pass away, and new ones spring
Fresh from their ashes; ages must be join'd
To the long roll of past eternity,
Ere Man's weak thought can reach the blissful height
Of such perception. Now with radiance mild,
Eloa, beaming beauty, flew to meet
Th' advancing Seraph, and to lead his way
To th' Altar of Atonement. From afar
He had recognis'd Gabriel's well-known form,
And glow'd with rapture to behold the friend
With whom he oft had visited each sphere,
Beheld its dwellers, and perform'd bright acts
Of superhuman pow'r. With swift approach

The friendly Seraphim embracing met.
So joyfully meet brothers from the field
Of hard-won conflict, where, despising death,
Both for their country have wrought glorious deeds;
In their heroic father's sight they join,
And change their glad embrace. Thus met the two.
Th' Almighty saw, and bless'd them; while they pass'd
Together tow'rd the throne of Heav'n, and reach'd
The Sanctuary of God.

On the high brow
Of a celestial hill, a gloomy veil
Of sable clouds hangs o'er the Sanctuary.
Light's splendour shines within the secret place
Where God mysterious dwells, but darkest night
Shrouds the enclosure from angelic eyes.
Sometimes Jehovah with swift thunderbolt
Rends wide the sable curtain; awe-struck then
Heav'n's host in adoration prostrate falls.
Sudden, without a cloud, in Gabriel's sight
The Altar of Atonement, high and vast,
Like a huge mountain rose. With solemn step,
In radiant pomp, th' advancing Seraph bore

Two golden cups of incense; and awhile
In deepest silence by the altar stood.
Then drew Eloa near, and from his harp
Called lofty strains, t' exalt to ardent pray'r
The incense-off'ring Seraph. Gabriel heard,
And with the mighty harp his spirit rose,
As the wild ocean, when the voice of God
Breathes o'er her surface, heaves her billowy breast.
With eyes uprais'd in pow'rful tone he sung.
Then heard Jehovah, Heav'n's blest myriads heard
The Saviour's prayer. With fire miraculous
The Altar kindling flam'd; the pray'r arose
On clouds of fragrance borne; the sacred smoke
Spread in huge columns, and ascending slow
Roll'd like a sea of clouds to Heav'n's high throne.

Still on the earth Jehovah fix'd his gaze,
For still with his Eternal Son he held
Sublime communion; vast, mysterious, deep,
Involving future destinies of high
Tremendous import; converse on decrees,
Dark e'en to angel ken, which should exalt

To endless glory man's now ransom'd race.
But soon with splendour Heav'n intensely glow'd
Beneath th' Almighty glance. In solemn pause
Th' adoring host beheld, and silently
Awaited the command. The groves of Heav'n
Stirred not; her crystal sea within its shores
Repos'd without a sound; the living winds,
Hush'd in their brazen caverns, their broad wings
For flight stretch'd ready, waited motionless
The Lord's descending voice. Then slowly roll'd
Deep thunders from the sanctuary. But God
Yet spoke not: of his gracious voice the storm
Was but the harbinger. Silence still reign'd,
When suddenly before the eager eyes
Of the awaiting host the sacred veil
Was partially withdrawn. " What see'st thou there,
" Eloa?" cried the Cherub Urim, while
The Seraph nearer drew. " Look, yonder hang,"
Eloa answer'd, " mid a shining row
" Of golden pillars, hieroglyphic leaves,
" Emblems of Providence! Lo, the Book of Life
" By mighty winds is open'd, and displays

" The names of future Christians, of the hosts
" To whom immortal life is newly giv'n!
" The Book of Judgment, yawning wide, streams fearfully,
" Ev'n like a warlike banner, flaring high
" Between conflicting Seraphim! Dread sight
" For the rebellious! Ah how brightly now
" Shines God develop'd. 'Mid yon silv'ry clouds
" See how the sparkling lights by myriads glance,
" Types of the newly ransom'd hosts! Canst thou,
" Oh Urim, count their numbers?" Urim cried,
" The worlds, the deeds of star-crown'd Seraphim,
" The joys of angels, may be number'd all;
" But the glad consequences of God's love,
" Of his redeeming mercy, mocks the toil
" Of calculation!" Quick Eloa cried
" I view the Judgment Throne! Dreadful art thou,
" Judge of the earth! Messiah! on the throne
" I see thy form of terror. Lo, from far
" He scatters death! A fiery glow proclaims
" His coming vengeance! Borne on living winds
" High on a thund'ring cloud he rides! Ah spare!
" Messiah! Judge of earth! arm'd with the shafts
" Of everlasting death! In mercy spare!"

Sev'n times the thunder's stroke had rent the veil,
When now the voice of God in gentle tone
Was heard descending: " God is Love," it spoke;
" Love, ere the worlds or their inhabitants
" To life were call'd. In the accomplishment
" Of this, my most mysterious, highest, act,
" Love am I still. Angels, ye shall behold
" The death of earth's great Judge, th' Eternal Son;
" And ye shall learn to know the Deity,
" With adoration new t' invoke his name.
" Should not his arm uphold ye, at the sight
" Of that dread day in terror ye would fade,
" For finite are your forms!" The voice now ceas'd.
Their holy hands th' admiring angels clasp'd
In silent awe. A sign th' Almighty made,
And in the face divine, Eloa read
The mandate giv'n. To the celestial host
He cried, " Lift up your eyes to the Most High,
" Ye chosen, favour'd children! Ye have long'd
" (God is your witness) to behold this day
" Of his Messiah, this atoning day!
" Shout, then, ye Cherubim! Behold your God;
" The First and Last, the Great Jehovah, deigns

" To meet your wish. Yon Seraph, messenger
" From the Eternal Son on your behalf,
" Is to the altar sent. Had ye not been
" Permitted thus to view the wondrous work
" Of Man's redemption, secret it had pass'd
" In solitary, silent, mystery.
" But now, while sons of earth shall joyful sing
" This day throughout eternity, our voice
" In shouts shall join their chorus. With glad eye
" Of piercing vision shall we contemplate
" This myst'ry of atonement: clearer far
" Shall we perceive it, than the weeping band,
" Who, though in error clouded, faithful still
" Surround their Saviour. Ah what shall befall
" His harden'd persecutors! From Life's book
" Their names have long been blotted. Light divine
" Jehovah grants alone to his redeem'd;
" No more with tears shall they behold the blood
" For their atonement shed, but see its stream
" Merge in the ocean of immortal life.
" Oh then, in the soft lap of peace consol'd,
" The festival of light, and endless rest,
" Triumphant shall they celebrate! Ye hosts

" Of Seraphim, and ye blest ransom'd souls
" Of righteous patriarchs, the jubilee,
" The Sabbath of eternity, draws near!
" Race after race of Man shall thronging join
" Your happy numbers, till, the reck'ning fill'd,
" The final doom pronounc'd, with glorious forms
" All shall anew be cloth'd, and jointly taste
" One universal bliss! Now, angels, haste!
" Bid the seraphic guardians, who by God
" To rule the spheres are station'd, strait prepare
" To solemnize the great mysterious Day!
" Ye patriarchs, from whom the Saviour draws
" His mortal lineage, to that Sun repair
" Which lights redemption's theatre! From thence
" Ye may your great Redeemer view! A day
" Jehovah sanctifies; a holy day
" Greater than that which by your festal songs,
" Ye mighty Seraphim, was solemniz'd,
" When, from creation pausing, God proclaim'd
" His primal Sabbath. Then, full well ye know,
" Angelic Powers, how bright young Nature smil'd,
" How fresh, and lovely; how the morning stars,
" With you, to their Creator homage paid.

" Behold, a greater work th' Eternal Son
" Will soon accomplish ! Haste, then, angels, haste !
" Proclaim it through Creation ! Lo, the day
" Of the Messiah's free obedience comes,
" The Sabbath of th' eternal Covenant !"

Eloa ceas'd. All Heav'n in silence heard,
Their eyes uplifted tow'rd the Sanctuary.
To Gabriel then a sign th' Almighty made,
And swift the Seraph to the throne advanc'd,
And secret charge receiv'd to bear behest
To Uriel, the sun's regent, and to those
Who o'er the earth bear rule, of high import,
Touching the Saviour's death. Their golden seats
Meantime the high seraphic pow'rs now left,
By Gabriel follow'd. Ere he yet approach'd
The mystic altar of the earth, his ear
Caught the deep murmur'd sighs, which low were breath'd,
In fervent wishes for th' expected hour
Of Man's salvation. There distinct arose
The voice of Adam, who through ages wept
His hapless fall. This was the altar seen
By him in Patmos, the high-favour'd seer

Of the new Cov'nant: thence he heard the voice
Of martyr'd saints descend, whose plaintive cries
Mourn'd the delay of vengeance. Tow'rd this spot
Gabriel advanc'd; when swift the first of men,
Eager to meet the coming Seraph, flew.
A form impalpable of lustre clear
Envelop'd Adam's spirit. Beautiful
As that fair thought which the creative mind
In model imag'd for the form of Man,
When, from the sacred earth of Paradise,
Fresh from his Maker's hand, youthful he sprung.

With radiant smile, which o'er his beaming brow
Celestial light diffus'd, Adam drew near,
And earnest spoke. " Hail, gracious messenger!
" While I thy lofty mission heard, my soul
" In joy was rapt. May I then view the form
" Of manhood by the Saviour worn, that form
" Of mercy, in whose meek disguise he deigns
" My fallen race to save! Show me the trace,
" Oh Seraph, of my Saviour's earthly path,
" My eye with awe shall view the distant track.
" But may the first of sinners tread the spot

" Whence the Messiah rais'd his face to Heav'n
" And swore to ransom Man? Maternal earth,
" How do I sigh once more to visit thee!
" I, thy first habitant! Thy barren fields
" By God's dread curse defac'd, where now in garb
" Of frail mortality, such earthly frame
" As in the dust I left, the Saviour walks,
" Would lovelier meet mine eyes than thy bright plains
" Thou long-lost Paradise!" Adam here paus'd.
To whom the Seraph: " I will speak thy wish
" To the Redeemer: should his will divine
" Grant thy petition, he will summon thee
" His lowliest humiliation to behold."

Now had th' angelic host all quitted Heav'n,
Spreading to distant spheres their sep'rate flight.
Gabriel alone descended to the Earth,
Which by the neighb'ring stars, as each roll'd by
Its splendid orb, was hail'd with joyful shouts.
The salutations glad, reach'd Gabriel's ear
In silver tones: " Queen of the scatter'd worlds!
" Object of universal gaze! Bright spot,
" Again selected for the theatre

" Of God's high presence ! Blest spectatress thou
" Of his Messiah's work of mystery !"
Thus sung the spheres; and through the concave vast
Angelic voices echoed back the sounds.
Gabriel exulting heard, and swift in flight
Reach'd Earth's dim surface. O'er her silent vales
Refreshing coolness, and deep slumber, hung
Yet undisturb'd; dark clouds of mist still lay
Heap'd heavily upon her mountain-tops.
Through the surrounding gloom Gabriel advanc'd
In search of the Redeemer. Deep within
A narrow cleft which rent the forked height
Of sacred Olivet, oppress'd by thought
The Saviour sleeping lay: a jutting rock
His resting place. With rev'rence Gabriel view'd
His tranquil slumber, and in wonder gaz'd
On that hid majesty which Man's frail form,
By union with the Godhead, had acquired.
Still on the Saviour's face the traces beam'd
Of grace and love; the smile of mercy there
Still linger'd visible; still in his eye
A tear of pity hung. But faintly show'd
Those outward tokens of his soul, now sunk

In sleep profound. So lies the blooming earth
In eve's soft twilight veil'd: her beauteous face,
Scarce recognis'd, so meets th' enquiring eye
Of some close-hov'ring Seraph, while aloft
In the yet lonely sky, the evening star
Shoots her pale radiance, calling from his bow'r
The contemplative sage. After long pause,
Gabriel thus softly cried, " Oh Thou, whose eye
" Omniscient searches Heav'n! who hears't my words,
" Though wrapp'd in sleep thy mortal body lies!
" I have fulfill'd thy mission. While my course
" Returning I pursued, a fervent pray'r
" Adam implor'd me to convey. Thy face,
" Oh gracious Saviour, he on earth would see!
" Now must I hasten, by Jehovah sent
" On glorious ministration. Be ye hush'd
" All living creatures! every moment's space
" Of this swift-flying time, while here yet lies
" The world's Creator, dearer must ye deem
" Than ages pass'd in duteous zeal for man.
" Be still, ye whisp'ring winds, as o'er this hill
" Of lonely graves ye sweep, or, sighing, breathe
" Your gentlest melodies! Descend, ye clouds,

" And o'er these shades drop coolness and repose,
" Deep and refreshing! Wave not your dark heads,
" Ye tufted cedars! Cease, ye rustling groves,
" While your Creator sleeps!" The Seraph's voice
In whispers low now sunk; and swift he flew
To join th' assembl'd Watchers, who, with him,
(The faithful ministers of God's high will,)
Govern'd with delegated rule the earth.
Thither he hasten'd to proclaim th' approach
Of Man's atonement by his Saviour paid.

Oh thou, who, join'd with Gabriel, sway'd unseen
Redemption's orb, (that teeming earth which sends
Her myriads of immortals to the sky,)
Eloa! Seraph! pardon the bold strain,
Which, taught by Sion's Muse, to mortal ears
Would sing thy secret dwelling! Oh if e'er
My soul in highest ecstasy has soar'd
To heights angelic, and with ear entranc'd
Drank heavenly converse; hear, oh hear me now,
Eloa, while in lofty notes like those
Of Heav'n's bright minstrel youth I sing no strain
Of mortal grandeur, but with solemn lay,

To death and resurrection consecrate,
Enter th' assembly of the heav'nly ones,
The Council of the Watchers. Far within
The Pole's untrodden circle, still and cold
Dull Midnight solitary dwells. Dark clouds,
Like rolling oceans, pour their ceaseless course
Slow from her gloomy throne. So, veil'd in night,
Roll'd Egypt's stream 'twixt fourteen shores compress'd,
Darkly to join the main; the kingly tombs,
Th' eternal pyramids, in dismal shade
Lay thus envelop'd, when at Moses' call
Darkness from God descended. The grim fields
No eye of Man has view'd: silent as night,
Fruitless and uninhabited they lie.
No sound of human voice breaks the repose;
No dead are buried there; none will arise!
Yet are these gloomy plains frequented oft
By visitants seraphic, when in mood
Contemplative, engaged in thoughts abstruse
They wander lonely. O'er the icy hills
Like stars their bright shapes glide, while, tranc'd in views
Prophetic, they behold Man's blissful lot
Of future glory. In the central tract

Of these vast regions rise the gates which lead
Earth's guardian spirits to their secret dome.
As when, in Winter's murky reign, the sun
Shoots o'er the snow-clad hills his rising beams,
Swift fly the gloomy clouds, pale night retires,
The icy plains, the leafless woods, from mist
Slowly emerge, and in the welcome ray
Shake their bright sparkles; so resplendent rose
The Seraph Gabriel o'er the Polar hills;
And now, his speed relaxing, right he stood
Before the sacred gate, which, rushing loud
Like the broad wings of mighty Cherubim,
Open'd its valves, and quickly clos'd again
Behind the ent'ring angel. Down he plung'd
Deep mid the earth's abyss. There oceans roll'd
Their slow and heavy waves to lonely shores.
Behind him mighty rivers pour'd their streams
With deaf'ning roar. At length afar appear'd
His bright asylum. Swift, at his approach,
The shad'wy portal which its entrance clos'd
Melted away in splendour. 'Neath his feet
Pale twilight faded, while a brilliant track
Behind him glitter'd o'er the gloomy shore

Like quiv'ring flame: and now the Seraph reach'd
Th' assembly of Immortals.

Far below,
In earth's deep centre, lies a concave vast
Fill'd with celestial ether: there revolves
A milder sun, with paler radiance crown'd,
Whence life and warmth, diffused through earth's dark veins,
Reach her luxuriant surface. Aided thus
By such auxiliary, the upper sun
Brings forth the blooming Spring, the fervid heat
Of Summer, bending 'neath his leafy load,
The Autumn, rich with vintage. In his orb
This lower luminary ne'er descends
Nor mounts, but an eternal morning smiles
Mid rosy clouds, wherein Jehovah deigns
By frequent signs his council to proclaim
To the Seraphic Guardians. The decrees
Of his Almighty Providence, pourtray'd
Thus visibly, lie open to their sight,
As when, in vivid hues athwart the sky,
Behind departing storms, his painted bow

Hangs o'er the melting clouds, and thence proclaims
To earth his covenant of fruitful years.
Gabriel now lighted on this lower sun,
Which with a never-setting ray, to us
Invisible, dispenses warmth and light
O'er earth's internal plains. Her guardian hosts
Assembling throng'd around him. There were seen
Angels of war, and death: those who the threads
Of destiny through mazy windings guide
Up to the Eternal Hand: they who the deeds
Of mighty monarchs secretly controul,
While of despotic power they proudly vaunt:
The guardian spirits of the virtuous few:
Those who accompany the thoughtful sage
When from the world's false grandeur he retires,
And opes with fervent pray'r the sacred Book,
Eternity's dread record. Oft are these
In secret present mid a Christian throng
Who, join'd in fervent supplication, feel
God's spirit on them pour'd. With friendly joy
They hear Redemption's sons in hymns of praise
Their Saviour celebrate. When in low gasp
The dying Christian's soul escaping, views

The face mark'd deep by conq'ring Death's stern hand
With lines of horror, damp with clammy dews,
By life's last struggle drawn, and trembling shrinks
From her scarce-quitted corpse, with gentle smiles
They greet their new associate. — " Shudder not,"
They whisp'ring cry: " we shall ere long collect
" Those pallid ruins ! Yon frail tenement,
" By death so sore defac'd, shall glorious soon
" Awake to endless life. Soar then aloft,
" New denizen of Heav'n ! There wilt thou view
" A brighter scene, Death's mighty Conqueror !"
Round Gabriel also drew a youthful troop
Of spirits, who from opening life had flown.
Speechless and tender, they had left the earth
With infancy's first cry. Their timid eyes
Scarcely with wond'ring gaze had seen the world
Whose fearful theatre they dar'd not tread;
And to their guardian angel's care consign'd,
Now had they learnt on heav'nly harps to sing
Of their creation; how and whence they sprung;
How bright and noble Man's immortal soul
Came from his Maker's hand; how beauteous shone

In early brilliancy the starry spheres.
Celestial Wisdom thus o'er their young souls
Darted her ray divine, that heav'nly light
By mortals dimly seen. In troops they left
Their shining bow'rs, and mid th' angelic band
Round Gabriel drew.

To all th' assembl'd host
He now proclaim'd th' approaching solemn day
By God's command announc'd. Silent they stood
With awe entranc'd, while on the Seraph's speech
Attentively they hung. At length, apart,
Two youthful spirits thus low whisp'ring spoke.
" What hear we ! Is not he, of whose free grace
" Yon Seraph tells, Jesus, that holy one,
" Who press'd us to his heart while mercy's tear
" Dropp'd from his eye benign ?"—" Oh yes, 'twas then
" To our surrounding parents he exclaim'd,
" ' If ye would enter Heav'n ye must become
" ' Like one of these young children.' Oh 'twas he,
" The world's Redeemer, through whose wond'rous love
" We thus are blest !" So spoke the happy pair.

Meantime had Gabriel spread his starry plumes
For farther flight, fresh mission to fulfil.
Radiant with light he rose. As, to dispel
Their night's deep gloom, the moon's inhabitants
Behold the glitt'ring earth mount o'er their hills
Through dewy clouds, and ride aloft in air;
So vast, so bright, rose Gabriel, and loud hail'd
By shouting angels, steer'd his rapid course
Toward upper skies. Swift as an arrow's flight
For victory wing'd, and shot from silver bow,
He pass'd the starry orbits, and with aim
Right to our sun he flew. There closing first
His wide-stretch'd pinions, lightly down he dropp'd
O'er a high temple, on whose shining roof
The spirits of the patriarchs silent stood,
Their eyes intently following the beam
Which, far below, now wak'd in Canaan's vale
The early day. With solemn, thoughtful mien,
Amidst them Adam stood, first son of earth,
His Maker's image; and in converse grave
With Gabriel and with Uriel deep engag'd,
Of Man's redemption spoke, while their keen eyes
With eager gaze the Mount of Olives sought.

# THE MESSIAH.

## CANTO II.

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At length o'er Lebanon's dark cedars gleam'd
The morn's first ray. Jesus arose; and while
The patriarchs from the sun, awe-struck, beheld
Their Saviour's form, Adam in solemn strain
Thus loudly sung. " Oh loveliest of days!
" Thy dawn by men and angels shall be hail'd,
" Thy closing eve be greeted solemnly
" By all Heav'n's host! While thy first beam o'er earth
" Darts brightly, while aloft the radiance spreads,
" And flaming rises to Jehovah's throne,
" We shout our hallelujahs! Thee we hail
" Blest day, in which our wond'ring eyes behold
" The Son of God in lowly garb on earth.
" Greatest of Adam's sons! Lo, godlike pow'r
" Shines through the veil of flesh! Oh happy thou
" Who to the earth hast borne him! Happier far
" Than Eve, mankind's first mother. Countless sons
" Are hers, but sinners all; thou hast but one,
" One righteous Son, eternal, merciful,

"The Saviour of the world! With eager gaze
" I view thee, earth! No more can I behold
" Fair Paradise, now buried deep beneath
" The waters of the deluge. Her tall groves
" Of shady cedars, by the hand of God
" Planted luxuriant, her peace-breathing bow'rs,
" The tempest's thunder, or destroying death,
" Have spar'd not! Bethlehem, thou sacred spot,
" Henceforth be thou my paradise! Oh God,
" Eternal, Infinite, thou, who thy Son,
" Thine only Son, hast giv'n to save the race
" Of Adam's long-bewail'd posterity,
" Holy art thou! Behold, he bears our form,
" The garb of frail mortality! Lo, deep
" Before thee, Saviour of the world, we bow!
" Complete thy mighty work! Renew the earth,
" Land of our birth and thine; then back to Heav'n
" Triumphant mount in Mercy's purest robe,
" While loud our shouts shall hail thee, Son of Man!
" Gracious Redeemer!"

In sonorous tones
Thus through the Solar Temple Adam's voice
Reverberating rang. The distant sounds

Reach'd the Redeemer's ear. Thus, in his cell,
Some lonely prophet, rapt in musings deep
On dim futurity, hears passing far
The Lord's mysterious voice. From the hill's brow
Jesus descending, reach'd the palmy grove
That girt the mountain's centre, thickly still
By fleecy clouds of nightly mist enrob'd.
There Raphael, John's angelic guardian, stood
Low breathing adoration, while light winds
Flutt'ring around him, wafted the soft tones,
Unheard by others, to the Saviour's ear.
"Raphael," he cried, "come forth! Where is thy charge?"
"Down mid yon gloomy graves," Raphael replied:
"With pity he beholds a wretch, who lies
"Bereft of reason, stretched among the dead,
"Himself as pallid. From the mournful sight
"Sorr'wing I turn'd me, griev'd to view the woes
"Of spirits which for immortality
"By thee were form'd." He ceas'd. The Saviour look'd
In wrath tow'rd Heav'n. "Father Supreme!" he cried,
"Oh hear me! May Man's cruel foe be doom'd
"A victim of thy justice to abide
"Through all eternity; that Heav'n with shouts
"Of triumph, hell with rage, and scorn, and shame,

" May view him !" Thus he spoke, and tow'rd the tombs
His course directed.

Deep beneath the shade
Of dark o'erhanging hills, mid broken rocks
The sepulchres were hewn. Thick tangled woods
Hid from the passing traveller's rude gaze
The entrance to these mansions of the dead..
When noon blaz'd o'er Jerusalem, its ray
With faint and dubious twilight, scarcely shot
A cold and quiv'ring gleam mid their recess.
Here speechless lay the wretched Samma, stretch'd
Beside the recent grave of his dead son,
His youngest, and his dearest. Satan now
Granted him brief repose, with fiercer pang
Soon to assail him. O'er the mould'ring bones
Of his dead child he lay, while near him stood
His yet remaining boy, whose weeping face
To Heav'n was rais'd. He, whose untimely death
The miserable father mourn'd, had erst
With infant pleadings his fond mother urged
To lead him mid the sepulchres to meet
His suff'ring parent; whom, with fury's force
Satan around the tombs in torments drove.

" Here, father !" cried Benoni, while he sprung
With sudden impulse from his mother's grasp,
Who follow'd terror-struck ; " here, father, here !"
And clung about his hand. The father shook
As he embraced his boy ; and while the child
In filial rapture clasp'd his parent's neck
With infantine caress, and fondest smile,
Sudden he hurl'd him from the precipice
Down on a jutting rock. The tender brains,
The infant blood gush'd o'er the rugged stones,
While, with a feeble cry, the guiltless soul
Escaping fled. Now inconsolable
The father mourns, and with a dying arm
Clasps his lov'd child's cold monument : " My son !
" Benoni ! oh my son !" he cries, while tears
Gush from his languid eyes.

Thus, on the ground
Absorb'd in grief he lay, when to the tombs
Jesus descended. As young Joel turn'd
His weeping eye to earth, sudden he view'd
Th' approaching Saviour. " Father !" he exclaim'd
In tones of joy and wonder, " yonder see,
" Israel's great Prophet comes !" Th' intelligence

Struck Satan's ear, who with a troubled glance
Glar'd wildly upward to the tomb's low mouth.
So looks an atheist from a dungeon's vault
When, through the thund'ring sky, the tempest rides
Aloft mid riven clouds, whose boiling waves
Seem big with vengeance. Satan had till now
But from a distance vex'd th' unhappy man.
Low crouching in the deep and dark recess
Which clos'd the gloomy vault's extremity,
From thence slow tortures he inflicted. Now
Sudden he started forth in grisly shape
Like death's terrific form, and on his prey
Rush'd furiously. Th' afflicted father sprung
Wild on his feet: then speechless sank again;
Till, by the tort'ring fiend to madness wrought,
Once more his goaded spirit (in death's grasp
Already struggling) urg'd his furious course
Up the tremendous steep. Thence Satan hop'd,
Full in the sight of earth's great Judge, to dash
The wretched suff'rer o'er the jagged rocks.
But, gracious Saviour, thou wast ready there!
Already did thy mercy haste to spread
Thy shelt'ring wings of faithfulness and love
Round the forsaken one! The sullen fiend

Rag'd fierce, yet trembl'd, as afar he felt
The terrors of th' advancing Deity.
Jesus on Samma look'd, and with the glance
Issued divine and vivifying power
From the Redeemer's eye. His Saviour then
The sad forlorn one knew. O'er his pale face,
Where death had sat, beam'd Reason's ray again;
With manhood's tears he wept; fain had he spoke,
But joy o'erwhelm'd his utt'rance: yet he stretch'd
His arms tow'rds his Deliv'rer, while, with eyes
In rapture kindling, from the rock he gaz'd.
As when, o'er the sad mind of some lone sage
Unbidden doubts intrude, his shudd'ring soul
Shrinks from annihilation's dismal gloom;
If then some friend secure in heav'nly faith
Cheer with God's promises his drooping soul,
And point, with firm unshaken confidence,
To immortality, th' afflicted one
By Hope's bright ray reviv'd, joyful once more
In triumph sings, and hails with raptures new
The glorious prospects of eternal life:
So, rapt in ecstacy, Samma now felt
Heav'n's peace possess his soul. With voice of pow'r

To Satan the Redeemer sternly cried,
" Spirit of evil, what art thou, who thus
" E'en in my presence dar'st torment a race,
" Heirs of salvation?" — " I am Satan," roar'd
A deep and angry howl, " King of the world,
" Monarch of those free spirits, to whose charge
" More noble office than to chaunt Heav'n's songs
" I give. Thy fame (whoe'er thou art) has reach'd
" Hell's lowest depths, and I myself am come,
" (Well, mortal prophet, may it swell thy pride,)
" To view thee, whom Heav'n's servile host proclaim
" Man's Saviour. But behold, mere man art thou,
" Of woman born, a dreaming seer like those
" Whom mighty Death already in the grave
" Has buried deep! I heed not then thy pow'r;
" But, as thou seest, my idle sport I take
" With man, thy well-belov'd. And see, death's stamp
" On yonder visage! Now to Hell I haste;
" O'er earth and ocean my resistless stride
" Shall desolation sweep, and Hell shall view
" Her King in triumph come. Whate'er thou dost
" Let it be quickly done, for speedily
" Shall I, earth's monarch, to my realm return

" My conquest to protect. Die thou, meanwhile,
" Vile wretch, beneath my grasp !" Furious he spoke,
And rush'd on Samma. But a secret pow'r,
Calm, yet resistless, like omnipotence,
When at Jehovah's nod worlds, fading, sink
By doom inscrutable, glanc'd from the eye
Of the divine Redeemer on the fiend.
He fled—and in his headlong haste forgot
With wasting stride the earth and seas to sweep.
Samma, meantime, the rocky precipice
With care descended. With such alter'd mien,
So from the broad Euphrates came the King
When, by the Watcher's Council, 'twas decreed
He should resume man's form, and once again,
Erect, look up to Heav'n. No longer now
Euphrates' rushing waters, mingling loud
With storm and tempest, struck his startled ear
As God from Sinai thund'ring: to the height
Of Babylon's proud walls the monarch sped
No more a fancied deity, but low,
Bent to the dust, in gratitude to bow
Before Jehovah. Prostrate Samma thus
Before his Saviour fell. " Oh suffer me,

" Thou Holy One, thy footsteps to pursue:
" Let me the life thou hast restor'd employ
" In serving thee!" Thus kneeling on the earth
Fervent he pray'd. " Follow me not," replied,
With gracious look, the Saviour; " but henceforth
" Thy frequent station hold near Golgatha.
" There shall thine eye ere long behold the Hope
" Of Abr'am and the prophets." While he spoke,
Joel in timid innocence drew near.
" Oh lead me," softly he exclaim'd to John,
" That to God's holy prophet I may speak!"
His hand John kindly took, and led the boy
Tow'rds the Redeemer, whom in artless tone
He thus address'd, " Prophet of God, thou say'st
" I and my father may not follow thee.
" But oh, why mid these tombs wilt thou remain
" Where fear my young blood curdles? Come with us,
" Thou man of God! Come, view th' abode where now
" My father will return! With grateful zeal
" There shall my mother serve thee. The best fruits
" Our trees afford, honey, and milk, shall there
" Be on thy table spread. Beneath cool shades
" I will conduct thee where my garden grows.

" Alas, Benoni! I must leave thee here
" Deep buried in thy grave! No more shall we
" Together tend our flow'rs; thy voice no more
" Shall call thy brother through the ev'ning air!
" Alas, here 'neath the dust entomb'd he lies!"
Jesus with pity view'd the weeping child,
And thus commanded John. " Dry thou his tears,
" For worthier and nobler is the boy
" Than many of his race." The Saviour spoke,
And turn'd his course aside.

Satan, meanwhile,
In clouds and mist envelop'd, held his way
Down through the Vale of Josaphat, and o'er
Th' Asphaltic Lake; thence with a sudden bound
Upwards he sprung to Carmel's cloudy brow,
And heav'nward took his flight. High in mid air
He pois'd his wing, and view'd with sullen scowl
God's fair creation, fresh and brilliant, shine
As if but now from the Almighty hand
The glitt'ring orbs had roll'd. With lustre false
He sought his alter'd form, like theirs, to deck
In heav'nly splendour, lest the morning stars

With silent triumph might behold his shape
How dark and outcast! But the bright disguise
Soon insupportable became; with haste,
Shunning creation's hated bounds, he flew
Downwards to hell. Already on strong wing,
Precipitate and furious, he now reach'd
The farthest orbit of the utmost stars,
And deeply plung'd below. There lay outstretch'd
A boundless, shad'wy void, where glimmer'd pale
A few expiring rays, which, streaming faint,
Shed, from the distant stars, uncertain light
Upon the vast abyss. Hell yet in view
Appear'd not. Mid eternal gloom had God,
Far from himself and his creation, fix'd
Its dismal bounds; for in the universe,
That theatre of mercy, was no place
For woe eternal found. Fearfully fit
Its purpose to fulfil, for ruin apt,
And pain, and punishment, the Deity
Form'd it tremendous. In three dreadful nights
The work was ended, and he turn'd away
His face from it for ever. To the charge
Of two bright warlike angels were the gates

By God assigned, lest, from their murky den,
The flames of hell might burst with rebel force,
And, hurl'd by Satan, mar fair Nature's face
With desolation. Where the angels sat
Calm and majestic on their post, twin streams
Of radiance beam'd direct from Heav'n, and brought
Creation's varied beauties, Heav'n's pure joys,
To their participation, mid the waste
And dreary void which wide around them spread.
Darkly, 'twixt these bright streams, Satan to hell
Now furious plung'd, burst through the gates, and wrapp'd
In misty exhalations mounting rose
To Hell's dread throne. No eye, of all which there
Wander'd in woe and darkness, had beheld
Their king's arrival. Zophiel now alone,
Herald of hell, perceiv'd the misty cloud
Ascend the throne's proud summit, and exclaim'd
To one who near him stood, " Comes Satan there,
" Our mighty monarch? Does yon cloud proclaim
" That long-desired return for which our powers
" Have vainly sigh'd?" While yet the herald spoke,
Sudden the misty veil melted in air,

And Satan, visible, tremendous sat,
His brow in anger knit. With eager speed
The servile herald hasted to a hill
Whose fiery top, volcano-like, was wont,
O'er lurid vales and grimly frowning rocks,
By jets of flame, to beacon the approach
Of Hell's fierce monarch. On the tempest's wing
Zophiel swept through the mountain's cavity
Up to the burning crater: then burst forth
Red streams of fire, and render'd visible
The realms of darkness. Far amidst the glare
Th' infernal spirits saw their gloomy king,
And Hell's inhabitants came trooping thick
Around his throne. Their seats the Princes took
Nearest the Monarch in precedence due.

Oh thou, celestial Muse! whose steadfast eye,
Solemn and sad, yet calm, can gaze at once
On Hell's abyss, and. glancing upward, view
Jehovah's face unveil'd, in splendour shine
Serenely just, while their due punishment
To sinners he awards! Oh lead me now
Down to the lowest deep, and teach my voice

Like whirlwind's roar in thunder to resound!
First came Adramelech; a fiend more curst,
A deeper hypocrite than Satan's self.
Deep in his boiling breast fell hatred burn'd
Against his chief, who first had rear'd on high
The standard of rebellion, and had thus
Forestall'd th' apostacy his rankling pride
Had long in secret foster'd. His arm's aid
He lent, not to win realms for Satan's sway,
But for his own foul ends. Since countless years
Had he been plotting to ascend hell's throne;
Devising how to rouze his chief once more
To war 'gainst Heav'n; or how t' expel him far
Across the boundless void; or, should all fail,
By open force in arms to vanquish him.
With deep dissembl'd hatred came he now
And sat by Satan's side. Fierce Moloch next
Strode from his gloomy mountains, where he strove,
In vain defence, hill heap'd on hill, to raise
'Gainst Heav'n's Thunderer a fortress huge
Should he Hell's plains besiege. Oft, when the day
In dismal glimmer first breaks o'er the shores
Which gird the sea of flames, Hell's habitants

Behold him burden'd heavily, mid din
Of falling rocks, press up the craggy steep
And gain its lofty summit. There his load
Firm he deposits on the growing height
Which to Hell's concave tow'rs, and while he hears
The echo from a tumbling rock, he dreams
It is his thunder. — From beneath, the fiends
Behold him in amaze. Now from his hills,
With downward speed, the warrior through the crowd
Advancing strode; all fled before his step
By terror urg'd; loud rang his clashing arms;
Black as the thunder cas'd in sable clouds
Sternly he mov'd; while 'neath his heavy tread
Hell's mountains shook, behind each step sunk deep
Her shatter'd rocks. Thus to Hell's throne he came.
Next appear'd Belial. Silently he left
The woods and plains, whence from their sullen source,
Veil'd in eternal mist, dark streams of death
Pour baneful waves, whose slow and tortuous course
Wind around Satan's throne. There Belial dwells.
Vainly, for ever vainly, does he strive
The plains, by God's curse wither'd, fresh to deck
Like Light's fair universe. With lofty scorn

All Heav'n behold him, while with eager art
He strives t' arrest the stormy winds which drive
The tempest on, and lead them (soft subdued
To gentlest zephyrs) like the balmy breeze
Mild breathing from the west, o'er his dark vales
And moaning rivers; but the furious blast
Resistless sweeps along, and howling bears
God's terrors on his wing; while drear and bare
Behind him Desolation's cheerless reign
Wide o'er the shudd'ring waste unalter'd lies.
With envious rancour Belial meditates
On that eternal Spring which gaily smiles,
Like a young Cherub, o'er the plains of Heav'n.
Ah, gladly would he deck Hell's dismal fields
Like those fair plains! But sad and angrily
He sighs; for wide the melancholy waste
Lies stretch'd in night before him, stubborn, bare,
Dreary, immeasurable, fields of woe.
With mournful aspect to Hell's throne he came.
Still with revenge unceasing burnt his breast
'Gainst Him, who thrust him from Heav'n's smiling vales
Down to th' abyss, whose gloomy fields each hour

More and more hideous in his sight became.
Thou, Magog, from thy wat'ry lair beneath
The waves of Death's dark lake, thy dwelling place,
Deeply submerged, didst view th' abrupt return
Of Hell's fierce monarch! From the rushing den
Of whirlpools Magog rose. The billows fled,
Like rolling mountains, as his coming foot
Press'd their black surface. Cursing he arose.
Incessant blasphemy howl'd from his tongue,
And echoed round him. Since from Heav'n expell'd
Jehovah had he cursed; and, vengeful, hop'd
E'en Hell itself to ruin, though by toil
Through painful ages borne. As he now trod
The shore's dry footing, with destructive hurl
He threw the craggy cliffs and lengthen'd coast
Behind him in the gulf. Round Satan thus
Th' infernal Princes gather'd. Huge and tall,
Like islands from their ocean-seats uptorn,
Proudly they mov'd. With them flock'd countless hosts
Of meaner rank, who round the rebel throne
Press'd like the circling waves which beat the foot
Of some high rock-bound shore. Thronging they came,

Millions on millions; and advancing sung
Their own exploits of shame and lasting scorn,
To the harsh chords of broken harps, deep split
By Heav'n's red thunder, whose discordant tones,
Hoarse and unhallow'd, were but tun'd to breathe
Death's dismal cries. So wild, in midnight'shour,
Resounds the din of battle, the last shrieks
Of dying warriors, the proud victor's shout,
When, in his brazen car, the northern blast
Sweeps o'er the scene of conflict, and conveys
To distant echo War's tremendous roar,
Satan beheld his host. Fill'd with fierce joy,
Proudly erect he stood, and gaz'd around.
Far, mid the lowest multitude, he saw
An atheist crew, by Gog, their chieftain, led,
In stature, as in frenzy, eminent
Above his foll'wers. Madly strove the fiend
Heav'n's blest abode, his God, his awful Judge,
To count as idle dreams, false fancy's sport.
Satan with scorn beheld them, far immers'd
In darkness as he was, still did he own
Th' Eternal was above. Wrapp'd in deep thought

Awhile he stood, then slowly gaz'd around,
And once again resum'd his spacious throne.

There, like a threat'ning cloud with tempests big
Which on some mountain's bare and lofty brow
Hangs darkly settled, musing stern he sat;
Till sudden he unclos'd his lips, and loud
Ten thousand thunders issued as he spake.
" If, ye tremendous Powers, ye be the same
" Who, for three dreadful days, with me outstood
" Conflict with Heav'n, hear what in triumph now
" Of my late sojourn upon earth I tell!
" Nor that alone: ye the resolve shall hear
" By which I meditate to shame our foe,
" And build immortal trophies to our fame.
" Yes, sooner Hell itself shall pass away,
" And his creation, erst from chaos form'd,
" Sink into night again, while on his throne
" In pristine solitude Jehovah sits,
" Than he shall wrest from us our hard-won sway
" O'er earth-born man! Princes, unconquer'd still,
" Still free, will we remain, e'en though he send
" Thousands to save mankind, e'en though to earth

" Himself as their Redeemer come! yet why
" Burns thus my wrath? What is this new-born foe
" Who thus incarnate boasts divinity,
" And whose pretensions fearful thus we scan?
" Think ye that God, to make our vict'ry sure,
" Would issue from a mortal womb, (which soon
" Corruption must devour,) to war 'gainst us
" Whose prowess he has tried? True, some stand here
" Who have on trembling wings before him fled,
" Yielding their sway o'er the torn carcases
" Of their tormented slaves. Cowards! In shame
" Hide your dark visages, and trembling shrink
" Before Hell's Peers, while I record your flight!
" Why fled ye at his nod? Why nam'd ye him
" The Son of the Most High? That ye may know
" What yonder Jesus is, who fain as God
" Would by his nation be ador'd, attend
" While I recount his story; and ye Pow'rs,
" Listen in triumph to the tale! Long since,
" Mid those who people Jordan's banks, a dream
" Of prophecy has spread, (for on the earth
" No nation holds such visionary tales
" As yonder Israelites,) whose purport bears

" That, from their race, a Saviour shall arise
" Who shall redeem them from surrounding foes,
" And make their kingdom glorious. This ye know,
" That but few years are pass'd since some who here
" Mid our assembly stand brought a report
" That on the Mount of Tabor they had seen
" Angelic squadrons, who with joyful shouts
" And signs of adoration had proclaim'd
" The name of Jesus, till the echoed sound
" Rung through the palmy groves, and stirring shook
" The cloud-wrapt cedars. Gabriel next was seen
" Descend, as if in triumph, and with pomp
" Salute a lonely woman, greeting her
" With rev'rence to immortals only due.
" ' From her,' he said, ' a king should rise, whose sway
" ' O'er David's realm should spread. Jesus, his name,
" ' The Son of God. His people he should rule,
" ' And of his kingdom there should be no end.'
" Ye heard all this; yet wherefore did ye fear,
" Princes of Hell? More have I seen, but fear
" Finds in my breast no place. Still shall ye see
" My spirit rise in danger—if, indeed,
" It may be danger deem'd, when on our earth

" A dreaming mortal claims a birth divine."
Satan here paus'd; for, as he spake, his eye
Glanc'd on his wide-gash'd scars, the burning marks
Of Heav'n's hot thunderbolts; but soon again
He rous'd his quailing courage, and resum'd.
" On Earth I waited for this wondrous birth,
" This infant Deity. ' This holy child,'
" Methought, ' will soon appear: swift as a glance,
" ' More rapid than God's bolt by anger wing'd,
" ' Will his increasing stature shoot to Heav'n.
" ' Then lofty will he stand, one foot on earth,
" ' The other on the ocean; his right hand
" ' The sun and moon will balance, while his left
" ' Shall poise the morning stars. Then, amid storms
" ' Which sweep the universe, will he advance
" ' To victory, and scatter death afar.
" ' Fly, Satan, fly! lest by his thunderbolt,
" ' Resistless struck, hurl'd through ten thousand spheres,
" ' Senseless or dead thou should'st for ever lie
" ' Stretch'd on the deep profound!' Such were my thoughts.
" But lo, a weeping infant, like the race
" Of those who (sprung from dust) bewail with tears

" Their sad nativity, plaining he came!
" True, at his birth a choir of angels sung;
" For oft to visit Earth, our realm, they come,
" To view the graves of death which now lie thick
" Where Paradise once bloom'd; weeping they look
" And speed them back to Heav'n. So was it then.
" They left the boy (or if ye rather chuse,
" The Lord of Heav'n,) behind them in the dust;
" And quickly fled the child before my power.
" I let him fly—to chase a coward foe
" Had been unworthy Satan! But my priest,
" My chosen vot'ry, Herod, in his zeal,
" Slaughter'd the infant Bethlemites. Their blood,
" Their cries of agony, the wild despair
" Of their distracted mothers, the fresh scent
" Of the yet reeking carcases, to me,
" Father of woe, in grateful incense rose.
" See! Stalks not yonder Herod's ghost? Say thou,
" Was it not I inspir'd thee? Wretch, thy groans,
" Thy pale despair, the shrieks of those lost souls,
" Thy num'rous victims, who in sin by thee
" Remorseless were cut off, and in death's pangs
" Thee and their Maker curs'd, to me thy king

" Pleasing oblation forms. When yon pale wretch,
" Princes, by death was struck, the boy return'd
" From Egypt, and unknown, wasted his youth
" 'Neath his fond mother's care. No spark of fire,
" No noble impulse, rouz'd him to bold flights
" Of enterprize; and think ye, that mid woods
" Or desart shores, his chief resorts, 'tis like
" He should have fram'd designs, tremendous, vast,
" Hell's overthrow to menace, or to call
" For keener watchfulness, or bolder force
" From us, its rulers? Would the thunderer,
" Heav'n's mighty monarch, who with terrors arm'd
" Against us fought, when these new realms we gain'd,
" Would he assume a shape, which at our will
" We can lay low in death? 'Tis true, indeed,
" A dark ambiguous prophet who of late
" Wander'd mid rocks and desarts, gloomily
" Shunning man's haunts, proclaim'd aloud of him,
" 'Behold the Lamb of God! The Saviour of the World!'
" And the frail son of clay himself would fain
" Believe the prophet's dream. With grave rebuke
" He calls the sleeping up, and vainly holds
" They rise from death! Yet these attempts, it seems,

" Are but commencement of his pow'r, by deeds
" Far nobler to be follow'd. Man's whole race
" From sin and death he would unloose; from sin,
" Which rooted deeply in their souls, more strong
" And vig'rous grows each day 'gainst God, nor yields
" Slavish obedience to his will; from death,
" Which revels, at our nod, in murd'rous course
" Through all their generations. Free thyself,
" Thou rash invader of our rights! Then call
" The dead to life! But thou shalt die thyself!
" E'en thou, who thus would Satan's subjects wrest
" From his dominion; thou shalt lie in dust!
" Ghastly and pallid in the dust of death
" This arm shall stretch thee. Then to thy glaz'd eye,
" In misty darkness clos'd, will I exclaim;
" ' See! yonder rise the dead!' To thy dull ear,
" Deafen'd for ever, will I loudly cry,
" ' Hark! 'tis the rustling field of rising bones!'
" With thunder-tones amid the tempest's roar
" Will I thy parting soul in mock'ry hail,
" ' Haste, Victor! Triumph waits thee! Hell's wide gates
" ' Fly open for thine entrance! Her abyss
" ' Shouts at thy coming!' Yes! thus Satan swears,

" (Death's monarch and creator,) he shall die !
" His mould'ring ashes will I scattering fling
" Before Jehovah's face !"

The fiend here paus'd;
For terrors from the Saviour shook his soul.
As the last words of blasphemy he breath'd,
The sound reach'd the Redeemer's ear, who still
Amid the sepulchres remain'd. One glance
Of terror on the fiend he cast, and deep
Hell sunk beneath the look: blacker than night
Grew Satan's visage; while th' infernal host
Stood fixed as stone around him. Far apart,
Beneath the throne, in gloomy solitude
The seraph Abbadona darkly sat,
The future and the melancholy past
Revolving mournfully. Before his face,
Hid deep in sorrow, he beheld a train
Of woes on woes accumulating, reach
Throughout futurity. Then on the past
Again he mus'd: on that once happy time
When, innocent, he was the chosen friend
Of Abdiel, who alone invincible

Boldly stemm'd fierce rebellion's gathering tide,
And loyal came to God. Ah, then, with him
Had Abbadona from God's impious foes
Well nigh escap'd! But Satan's flaming cars
Rolling as if in triumph to return,
The trumpet-tone of war which fiercely call'd
To battle, and the furious rebel-host,
Each boasting power divine, subdued his soul,
And swept him past return. One ling'ring glance
Of threat'ning love his friend yet cast behind,
To urge his flight; but wild, intoxicate
With expectations of divinity,
No more would Abbadona now obey
His friend's once pow'rful glance. Mid uproar led
Satan he join'd. Now mournfully he sits
Engross'd in thought, and muses o'er the scenes
Of youth and innocence, the morning fair
Of his creation, when to life and light
Abdiel and he, at God's first call, had sprung
Together forth. In ecstasy exclaim'd
Each to the other, "Who are we? Oh say
"How long hast thou been here?" In dazzling beams
Then shone the distant glory of the Lord

With rays of blessing on them; round they look'd,
And saw innumerable multitudes
Of bright immortals near; and soon aloft,
Uprais'd by silvery clouds, were they convey'd
To the Almighty Presence. They beheld,
And worshipp'd their Creator. Memory now
Thus tortured Abbadona. Bitter tears
Roll'd down his cheek, like the red stream which ran
O'er Bethlem's hill, when murder'd infants fell.
With horror Satan's purpose had he heard,
And now essay'd to speak; but struggling sighs
Thrice chok'd his utt'rance. Loud at length he cried,
" Though all should here against me ever stand,
" I heed ye not, but speak! Yes! I will speak,
" Lest terrors such as those which, Satan, shake
" E'en now thy gloomy form, should fall on me!
" I hate thee, Satan; yes, I hate thy name,
" Thou fearful one! Behold, thy Judge requires
" Me, this immortal soul which thou hast torn
" From its Creator, at thy hands! Oh hark!
" The shrieks of ever-during agony
" From countless spirits, through each murky vault
" Of Hell's abyss resound! The thunder-tones

" Of those, seduc'd by thee, mix'd with the roar
" Of death's dark-rolling ocean, join the cry,
" And all accuse thee, Satan, thee alone!
" Foe of Jehovah, lo, I take no part
" In thy fell purpose to pursue to death
" God the Messiah! Ah, 'gainst whom hast thou,
" Rebel, thus boastful spoke? Is it not Him
" Whose power thou dost thyself confess (for vain
" All art to cloke thy fear) is greater far,
" More dreadful than thine own? Oh should God send
" To lost Mankind Freedom from sin and death,
" Thou canst oppose no obstacle! Would'st thou
" The mortal body of the Saviour slay?
" Why, Satan! Canst thou so forget his power?
" Have not his thunderbolts thy lofty brow
" Scarr'd deep enough? Or, think'st thou, God no more
" From our weak efforts can protect himself?
" Shall we who first seduced Mankind to death,
" (Alas that e'er we did!) shall we now rise
" In fury 'gainst their Saviour? Shall we kill
" The Son of God, the Thunderer? And close,
" Perhaps for ever, 'gainst ourselves a path
" Which might lead to redemption; or at least

" Might bring alleviation to the woes
" Of spirits once so blest? Satan, as sure
" As all more poignantly their tortures feel
" While haughtily thou call'st these dismal shades,
" This dwelling of despair, a kingly realm,
" So certainly shalt thou, loaded with shame,
" Not triumph, from this enterprise return
" 'Gainst God and his Messiah !"

As he spoke,
Satan upstarting from his lofty throne,
With wild impatience flaming, would have hurl'd
A rock's huge fragment on his foe; but faint
His threatening hand sunk pow'rless at his side.
With rage and scorn he impotently stamp'd.
Three times he rose in fury, and as oft
On Abbadona glar'd, yet silent stood.
Dark roll'd his eye with rage. Contempt's proud glance
T'assume he strove in vain. Severe, and bold,
Calm, though dejected, Abbadona stood
Before the angry fiend. But rising now,
Adramelech, the enemy of God,
Of Satan, and of men, thus fierce exclaim'd.

" Coward ! with tempests will I answer thee :
" Hear my reply in thunder ! Dars't thou thus
" Madly deride our power ! What then, shall one,
" E'en from the dregs of our assembly, rise
" In arms 'gainst me and Satan ? Feel'st thou pain?
" Slave, 'tis thine own weak fears which torture thee !
" Fly, then, thou vile one ! Fly from these domains
" Where monarchs dwell ! Haste to the extremes of space;
" There let Jehovah a fresh world of tears
" For thee create ! There pass eternity !
" But thou would'st rather die ? Then, coward, bow
" Thy head in mean prostration, and expire !
" Come, Satan, come ! Thou who did'st nobly dare
" To claim divinity in Heav'n, and stood'st
" With flaming wrath in arms against its King,
" The future Maker of unnumber'd worlds,
" Come ! to Hell's meaner spirits will we prove
" The terrors of our arms, by mighty deeds
" Which, like the lightning's flash, shall smite at once
" And blind them ! Come ! Mazes of stratagem,
" With ruin twin'd, unfold before my sight !
" Death lurks within ! No opening path, no guide
" Shall draw him from the labyrinth. E'en should he

" (Gifted by God with more than human art)
" Escape our toils, yet should our fiery storms
" Crush him beneath our feet, o'erthrown like Job,
" That favourite of Heav'n! Fly, Earth! We come
" By Death and Hell accoutred! Woe to him,
" Who on our world disputes supremacy!"
So spake Adramelech. Approving shouts
Burst from the thick assembly, and all hail'd
Satan's fell purpose. Loud as falling rocks
Clatter'd their stamping feet, while Hell's abyss
Trembled beneath the shock. Then fearful rose
A roar of voices which from end to end
Of the dark concave rung, shouting wild notes
Of fancied triumph, while th' infernal host
With simultaneous yell thus gave consent
To slay the Saviour of the world. A deed
So black, since God first shap'd the universe,
Eternity had not beheld! With wrath
Revengeful burning, Satan, from his throne,
(Its dark contriver) and his stern compeer
Descended gloomily, the yielding steps
Cracking beneath their feet; while furious shouts,
Rebellion's clamour, (growing fiercer still

From its own din,) pursued their parting course
With sullen echo e'en to Hell's dark gates.

Slow followed Abbadona: he alone
Unyielding had remain'd, and now pursued
Only to thwart their purpose, or from far
The dreadful deed to view. With ling'ring step
He reached the dismal gates where watchful sat
The two bright angels. Oh, how felt he then,
When Abdiel, the invincible, he saw!
Abash'd he bent his visage. To go back
Was his first impulse; then t' advance; then far
Across th' irremeable void to speed
His mournful, lonely, flight. Trembling he stood
In melancholy silence, till at once,
Must'ring fresh courage, he advanc'd. His heart
Throbb'd in loud beat, tears such as angels weep
Roll'd silent down his cheek; deeply he sigh'd,
While anguish, such as mortal heart ne'er feels,
Shook his perturbed frame as slow he passed.
But Abdiel, with averted eye still fixed
In joyful gaze on the bright universe
Of God, whom loyally he had obey'd,

Look'd not on Abbadona. Like the Sun,
When youthfully upon the new made earth
He darted splendour down, the seraph shone,
But no bright ray on Abbadona pour'd.
Sad and alone th' afflicted one pass'd on,
Then sigh'd from far, "Oh Abdiel, wilt thou then
" For ever turn thee from me! Shall I thus
" In solitude for ever mourn thy loss!
" Oh weep for me ye children of the light!
" No longer Abdiel loves me: he is dead
" For ever to his hapless friend! Thou Hell,
" My gloomy dwelling-place, thou dismal night,
" Nurse of eternal woe, bewail with me!
" O'er your dark hills, when through my troubled soul
" God's terrors shoot, my nightly cry shall sound,
" ' Abdiel for ever has abandon'd me!'"

Thus sorrowful he mourn'd; and now he reach'd
The confines of the universe. The light,
Th' advancing thunder of the rolling spheres,
Startled his troubled soul. Ages had pass'd
Since from his solitude, in sorrow sunk,
He had emerged. Silent he gaz'd, then cried,

" Oh blessed entrance, could I hope by thee
" Through yon fair worlds to speed, and ne'er again
" Revisit Hell's dark fields! Ye brilliant stars,
" Creation's countless host, say, shone I not
" With brighter rays than yours, e'en when ye first
" Obey'd your Maker's call, and gaily roll'd
" Your dazzling orbs? Now dark and reprobate,
" An object of abhorrence stand I here
" To yon bright universe! And oh, fair Heav'n,
" I tremble as I view thee! There, alas,
" A sinner I became; there madly rose
" Against Jehovah! Oh immortal peace,
" Once my associate mid yon blisful vales,
" Where art thou now? Scarce grants th' avenging Judge
" One moment's pause from woe, while on his works
" Awe-struck I gaze! Oh might I prostrate fall,
" And call him my Creator, joyfully
" Would I forego the filial privilege
" His faithful seraphim enjoy, whose lips
" The dearer name of 'Father' may pronounce.
" Judge of the world, I dare not supplicate
" E'en for one moment's glance down on th' abyss
" Where reprobate I lie! Dark thoughts of woe,

" Gloomy despair, rage wildly as ye list !
" Oh that I ne'er had been ! I curse thee, day,
" Which rose in splendour when to life and light
" I heard me call'd; when Heav'n's immortal host
" First nam'd me ' Brother !' Oh Eternity,
" Mother of endless pain, why from thy womb
" Sprung forth that day of woe ? Why rose it not
" Gloomy and sad, like that eternal shade
" Which, amid howling tempests, void of life,
" And burden'd with his curse, the Thunderer
" Has yonder spread ? Hold, I blaspheme ! Crush me,
" Ye rolling orbs ! Ah hide me quick, ye stars,
" From his fierce wrath, who as an angry Judge
" Sits on his throne of vengeance, and thence hurls
" His terrors on me ! Oh, in thy dread doom
" Inexorable, is there then no hope
" Through all futurity ? Art thou no more
" Creator ! Father ! Merciful ! Alas,
" I but blaspheme anew ! With sacred names,
" Such as, without a Mediator, none —
" No wretch like me may utter, I have dared
" Address Jehovah. Lo, I fly ! for hark !

" Of his dread thunder the advancing sound
" Through yon deep space! Ah, whither can I fly!"
While frantic thus he cried, with headlong speed
Downwards he plung'd, and gazed in wild affright
Upon the void abyss. " Oh kindle flames!"
Madly he pray'd: " Make a red furnace glow
" Immortal spirits to consume, Great God,
" Too fearful in thy judgments!" Vain his pray'r;
No soul-destroying fire arose. He turned
His flight amid the spheres, and closed at length
His wearied pinions on a distant star,
Whence wide he gaz'd around o'er endless space,
There suns on suns throng'd close in seas of fire.
Sudden a wandering sphere approach'd, whose orb,
Already doom'd to judgment, smoking roll'd.
With desp'rate purpose Abbadona leap'd
Upon the smould'ring surface, in sad hope
To perish with it. Vain the mournful wish!
Heavy with woe eternal sunk his form
Upon the passing orb, like some vast cone
Which, white with bones, falls at the earthquake's shock,
And strews the plain with ruins.

Tow'rds the earth
Had Satan and Adramelech meantime
Pursued their course. Together flew the fiends,
Yet each in solitary thought absorb'd.
Adramelech first saw the long-sought globe
At distance darkly lie. " Behold the spot !"
Within himself he cried, (while thought on thought
Press'd o'er his soul, like those wild ocean-waves
Which rolling furrow'd their deep bed between
The sever'd continents,) " Yes, there it lies !
" Where I, expell'd or overthrown, I Satan
" Shall rule in glory and without compeer,
" Author of evil ! Yet, why there alone ?
" Why not o'er all these orbs which, blest too long,
" Around me roll in ether ? Yes ! o'er them
" Shall Death extend his grasp, from star to star
" E'en to the verge of Heav'n ! Not man by man,
" Like Satan, will I then God's creatures slay,
" But I will lay whole races at a blow
" Prostrate before me ! They shall fall in dust,
" Writhe with convulsive struggles, and expire.
" Then shall I sit triumphant here or there
" And gaze in solitary grandeur round.

" Thee, Nature, shall I view when I have made
" Thy surface one wide grave, and on thy wastes
" Will proudly smile! And should Jehovah build
" New worlds amid the ruins for my prey,
" With arts and courage new will I once more
" Seduce and kill! Ah, should I reach at last
" The summit of my hopes! Should I the art
" T' annihilate ætherial spirits find,
" And Satan immolate! Beneath his sway,
" Adramelech, thou canst accomplish nought
" Worthy thy name! Come then, Invention, come,
" Thou powerful spirit! Teach me to destroy
" Th' immortal essence of unbodied souls,
" Or let me perish! Rather would I sink
" In dark oblivion, than existing, drag
" A weary servitude. Behold the hour
" I have for ages waited, now draws near
" My purpose to fulfil. Now when anew
" God is arouz'd, and sends (if Satan's tale
" May be receiv'd) one to redeem man's race
" And subjugate our realm. Should it be so;
" Should this new prophet greater prove than all
" That sprang from Adam; be he sent from God;

" Then shall his overthrow by me achiev'd
" Mid Hell's vast host point to Adramelech
" As worthiest to ascend her lofty throne.
" But Satan's fall must I accomplish first,
" My chiefest, best, exploit. That mighty deed
" Will end my servitude. Then be it now
" First of my conquests ! Then enthron'd in state
" Glitt'ring as Hell's dread monarch shall I sit !
" Satan ! with paltry toil thou would'st destroy
" This Saviour's body: kill it then ! I leave
" The trivial labour to thy care the last
" Ere thou thyself shalt perish. Be it mine
" To quench th' empyreal spirit ! Thou, with care
" May'st scatter to the winds his mortal dust,
" Adramelech shall slay the God within !"

Thus mus'd the dæmon, till his lab'ring soul
Was lost in the dark vision. His approach
God silent saw, and heard his blasphemy.
Borne on a cloud, which 'neath his feet roll'd black
As deepest midnight, stood Adramelech
In sullen thought absorb'd; his fiery brow
By lines of wrath contracted; till the sound

Of the near-rolling earth, which now, veil'd thick
In darkness, swift approach'd, from his wild dream
Rouz'd the rebellious fiend. Starting he drew
Near Satan's side, and jointly on they rush'd
Tow'rds Olivet, the Saviour there to seek
With his disciples. So, from cloud-capp'd heights
Roll war's fierce chariots swift in murd'rous speed
By brazen warriors fill'd; down the rough steep,
O'er peaceful vales they rush, their iron clang
Clatters amid the rocks, thund'ring they come
And scatter death around. On downward wing
Thus tow'rd the Mount of Olives flew the fiends.

# THE MESSIAH.

## CANTO III.

## CANTO III.

Now hail again maternal earth! Once more
I greet my birthplace! Thy soft lap I view,
Where buried cool and deep, with those blest dead
Who sleep in God, my bones shall lie in peace!
Yet will I trust my sacred minstrelsy
First to conclude, to end my solemn strain.
Oh then, these lips which of redeeming love
Have grateful sung, these eyes which oft have wept
Tears of glad rapture at the Saviour's name,
Shall calmly close! Then, round my lonely grave
With mitigated grief my friends shall plant
The palm and laurel; that when rouz'd from death
I shall arise, my new æthereal form
From tranquil shades of fragrant-breathing groves
Joyful may soar aloft. Celestial Muse,
Thou who to Hell's dark realm hast led my steps,
And guidest now my yet-affrighted soul
Back to her native earth! Oh, shed a ray

Of heav'nly splendour through the fearful gloom
Of that dread vision, whose appalling sight
Still clouds my shudd'ring spirit! Teach my voice
Again to sing my Saviour. Mid the graves,
Jesus, by John alone accompanied,
In silence sat. Around lay scatter'd bones;
Darkness o'ershadowing hung; while deep in thought
He ponder'd on himself, the Son of God,
On Man, Death's hapless prey! Before his sight
Glided the roll of sins by Adam's sons
Yet perpetrated. The sad catalogue,
To countless numbers swell'd by the worse crimes
Of their remote posterity, pass'd swift
Before the eye divine. Satan aloft
Proudly amid them soar'd, and drove afar
The crowd of sinners from the face of God,
While to himself he gathered them. So draws
The treach'rous whirlpool toward its vortex deep,
Mid northern seas, th' unwary mariners,
While dark 'neath midnight clouds, unseen it yawns
To ruin ever open! Jesus look'd
On Satan, on the sins, then up to God.
On him the Father gaz'd. Though from the glance

Judgement broke slowly forth; though loud afar
The thunder of the Almighty 'gan to roll,
Shaking his soul with terrors, yet a smile
Ineffable, still left its gracious trace
Mark'd on the Face divine. Then, angels say,
The second tear from the Eternal eye
Dropp'd silently: The first was seen to fall
At Adam's curse. Still on each other gaz'd
The Father and the Son. In solemn pause
All nature silent bow'd. The awe-struck spheres
Stopp'd in their orbits, the cherubic hosts
With rev'rence mute beheld, while floating by
On silent clouds they pass'd. Thick veil'd in mist
Eloa flew to earth, and face to face
Beheld the Saviour, number'd all his tears
In mercy shed, then sped his course to Heav'n.
His upward flight John with amazement view'd
(His eyes by Jesus open'd) and embrac'd
His Master's feet in speechless ecstacy.

Meanwhile th' Eleven, mid the gloomy shades
Beneath the mountain's foot, with anxious zeal
Still sought the Saviour. All, save one, whose breast

Nor love nor rev'rence fill'd, were innocent
And simple men. Their pious hearts, unknown
E'en to themselves, by God were recognis'd,
And grac'd as witnesses of Light divine.
Not he, unworthy of such brotherhood,
Who sold his Master: yet might he have shar'd
(Had he not traitor prov'd) that glorious Light.
Long ere the twelve in mortal garb were seen,
Twelve golden thrones in Heav'n rose bright, near those
Of Israel's Elders. One resplendent seat
Sudden, by clouds obscur'd, was darkly hid
In momentary gloom, but melting fast
Again the shadow fled, the radiant throne
Again with splendour fresh and brilliant beam'd.
Then cried Eloa's voice "His place from him
"Is taken, and anew bestow'd on one
"More worthy than himself!" Now gath'ring stood
On Olivet's high brow the angel troop,
Cælestial guardians of the twelve, and thence,
Gazing with friendly int'rest, watch'd unseen
Their mortal charge, as sad in tears they sought
Their heav'nly Master: when in rapid flight
A seraph from the sun descending, stood

Sudden before them, and thus anxious ask'd,
" Tell me, cælestial friends, where I may seek
" The great Messiah? From the patriarchs
" Am I despatch'd, that vigilant I may note
" Each act divine of his redeeming love.
" Alas, too soon has thy revolving face,
" Oh earth, borne from their sight those plains belov'd,
" Where, cloth'd in human form, the Deity
" Now walks: when to his wondrous sacrifice,
" As victim, he approaches! Ah too soon
" Hast thou from Uriel's noonday gaze withdrawn,
" Which now on Canaan's far antipodes
" Diffuses mournful lustre, loth to view
" Their changeful vales, their fresh awaken'd hills
" Where the Messiah walks not." Selith paus'd.
Orion, Peter's angel, thus replied.
" Below, where yonder open tombs yawn deep
" Hewn 'neath the foot of Olivet, behold,
" The Saviour stands in contemplation wrapt!"
Selith beheld, and gaz'd in ecstacy.

Two hours flew swiftly o'er the Seraph's head
While still he gaz'd in wonder. But at length

Sleep o'er the eye of the Redeemer shed
Her last soft solace. The benign repose
Sent from th' Almighty Throne, came gently down
Mid whispers sweet of cool and balmy air,
And Jesus slept. Then Selith turn'd again
To the seraphic guardians, and thus ask'd,
" What are yon men, who at the mountain's foot
" Wander so mournfully? Though on their brow
" Pale sorrow sits, yet leaves their manly grief
" No wild disfigurement. In lofty souls
" Woe thus appears. Weep they some pious friend
" Of virtues like their own?" Orion cried
" Thou seest the holy twelve, the sacred band
" Selected by the Saviour. Blest are we,
" Who by their heav'nly Master have been charged
" As friends and guardians to protect their steps!
" We hear him graciously unfold himself
" To their astonish'd minds; point out the way to
" Higher mysteries by parables
" Couch'd in familiar terms; in her own shape
" Show Virtue glorified, immortal, bright!
" Oh much we learn! While e'en to heav'nly ears
" The words of his disciples' love, express'd

" To their great Master, breathe sweet music's sound."
Selith replied, " Oh show me each by name !
" By those blest names, which on Life's page inscrib'd
" Now brilliant shine ! Say, who is he, whose glance
" Impatiently darts fire, as through yon shades
" Eager he looks around ? Methinks I see
" Determin'd courage in his aspect." " He,"
Orion said, " is Peter ; mid the band
" One of the greatest. By his Master's charge
" To me consign'd. Bold, as thou say'st, he is.
" Yet should'st thou view him when entranc'd he hangs
" On his Redeemer's words, or sunk in sleep,
" E'en in his dreams, with heav'nly rapture smiles,
" His pious soul yet higher would'st thou prize.
" When question'd by his Master, he exclaim'd
" ' Thou art the Christ ! Son of the living God !'
" With joy he wept, while with the happy One
" We shared in transport. But alas, my ears
" Have since, from the Redeemer's sacred lips,
" Reluctant heard, ' Thrice, Peter, wilt thou soon
" ' Deny thou knowest me !' Tremendous words !
" What is their import ? Peter, wilt thou then
" Basely renounce thy Saviour ?" Selith cried,

" Oh no, he cannot, he will not renounce
" His best, his everlasting friend! Behold
" His open brow speaks his integrity!
" But who is he, whose manly visage beams
" With love for virtue, hatred as unfeign'd
" To vice, and to those abject souls whose fears
" Their Maker would abjure? See, how his speech
" Familiarly to Peter is address'd
" As to a brother! Sipha quick replied,
(His heav'nly guardian) " Seraph, thy remark
" Points justly to the truth. Andrew his name,
" Brother to Simon Peter. Long had he.
" The Baptist followed, when the Saviour's voice
" First by the sea of Galilee he heard.
" Still in his ear rang the prophetic cry
" Of the Messiah's harbinger, when, lo,
" With gracious but resistless look of love
" The Saviour summon'd him! Rejoic'd I saw
" How swift, while rapture kindled in his soul,
" He flew to his Redeemer." Libanel,
(Philip's angelic guide) now spoke. " Yon man,
" Whose social glances beam with peace and love,
" Is Philip. Mild benignity thou seest

" Trac'd on his placid aspect; while with zeal,
" To love as brethren all who wear impress'd
" Their Maker's image, burns his inmost soul,
" With softest eloquence is he endow'd.
" As in dawn's early hour the trickling dew
" Drops from the side of Hermon, or as balm
" Distilling fragrance mid the olive groves,
" So fall persuasion's words from Philip's lip."
Again Selith demanded " What is he,
" Who 'neath yon branching cedars paces slow?
" His lofty brow glows with the hope of fame.
" Pensive his step, like one of those blest few
" Whose labours, hallow'd to posterity,
" Through gath'ring ages spread their deathless name.
" Oft beyond earth their fame extending flies,
" Free and unlimited, from orb to orb;
" And when of God's transcendent deeds they sing,
" E'en angel voices join their choral strain!"
Thus he. To whom Adona. " He thou seest
" Is James the son of Zebedee. His hope
" For fame is wisely fixed on Heav'n alone.
" His aim points for distinction from the Lord
" And his Anointed, at that awful day

" When the awaken'd dead, mankind's whole race,
" Shall stand assembled for their final doom.
" His elevated soul holds light in scorn
" All meaner honours. At his Saviour's sight
" He flies with joy so rapturous to his feet,
" As if already at th' Eternal Throne
" He shouted hallelujahs to his name.
" I saw him when on Tabor's mountain brow
" Stood Moses and Elijah, sent from Heav'n.
" The sacred hill was veil'd in lucid clouds:
" Jesus was glorified. Bright as the Sun
" When high at noon it rides and lights the sky,
" So radiant shone his face: His silv'ry robes
" Glitter'd in white. As Aaron erst was wont
" To tread the holy sanctuary, to view
" The Ark, the Mercy-seat, so James advanc'd
" T'ward the magnificent display, o'erwhelm'd
" With joy and rev'rence. Of the sacred twelve
" He first will wear the crown of martyrdom;
" So say the leaves of Destiny. For him
" It is decreed in triumph first to tread
" Eternity's more ample theatre;
" The full desire of his immortal soul

" With bliss to satisfy." — " He, whom thou seest
" Seated afar," Seraph Megiddon cried,
" Is Simon, nam'd the Canaanite. His flock
" He kept in Saron's wilderness, but left,
" At Jesus' call, his fields. His guiltless life,
" The humble zeal with which his simple heart
" Labour'd to serve his Saviour, was the cause
" Of such selection. As with toil o'erspent
" Jesus his dwelling visited, in haste
" He slew his choicest lamb, and meekly serv'd;
" Rejoicing in the happy hour which brought
" God's chosen prophet to his lowly hut.
" With such mild grace as erst in Mamre's grove
" By Abr'am he reclin'd, the Saviour sat.
" ' Come, follow me,' to Simon he exclaim'd,
" ' And leave thy sheep ! For I am he, of whom
" ' The angels sung, when, yet a boy, thou heard'st
" ' O'er Bethlem's hill their strains.' " Megiddon paus'd.
" Behold my charge," Adoram cried: " see James,
" The son of Alpheus ! In his aspect grave
" Behold his modest virtue ! From his God
" While he can hope approval, willingly
" Midst men and angels would he pass unmark'd,

" Heedless of fame !" Then Salim spoke, " Behold
" How through yon distant wood in musings rapt
" The ardent Thomas walks ! His restless soul
" Breeds thought on thought, oft losing the far scope
" Of wild conjectures, which, like oceans, roll
" Within his mind perplex'd. Mid the dark dreams
" Of sceptic Sadducees he had been lost,
" But the Messiah's deeds of Godlike pow'r
" Drew back his soul from ruin : he forsook
" Error's vain labyrinth, and came to God."
" Yonder is Matthew !" Bilda cried, " whose youth
" Luxurious parents fondled in the lap
" Of soft prosperity, and taught the care
" (Unmindful of his soul's immortal weal)
" Insatiable to gather earthly store
" As for eternity. But when he saw
" The Saviour of the world, within his breast
" A stronger impulse rose. Scarce had his eye
" Caught the Redeemer's glance, when swift he left
" The sordid cares which to the earth till then
" Had chain'd his spirit, and impetuous came.
" So breaks a hero from the feeble arms
" Of royal beauty, when his country's call

" To battle summons him!"—" See yon old man," 270
Seraph Siona cried, " with silver hair!
" Behold his mild, his saintly countenance!
" He is Bartholomew! In his pure heart
" Virtue delights to dwell. Her rites austere,
" Practis'd by him, shine lovely in the eyes
" Of all beholders. Many to their God,
" Gather'd by him, shall come; they shall behold
" His closing scene; shall see him, in death's pang,
" Smile like a cherub on his murderers,
" And burn with admiration. Angel Friends, 280
" Ye will with me from his expiring brow
" Wipe the warm blood, that his departing smile
" May by th' assembl'd multitude be seen,
" And to his Saviour's faith convert their souls!"
" Yon pale and silent youth," Elim exclaim'd,
" Is my belov'd Lebbaus! Few the souls
" So tender, so susceptible, as his!
" When from those shad'wy plains I summon'd him,
" Where human spirits, ere their mortal birth
" Wander unconscious of existence, sad 290
" I found him, hid beside the running brook
" Which with a plaintive murmur, like the sound

" Of weeping voices, moans along the vale.
" There, angels say, sad Abbadona wept,
" When erst from Eden he return'd; where Eve,
" Robb'd of her primal innocence, he saw.
" And there, alas, too oft the Seraphim
" Bewail those souls committed to their care,
" Who, though by early virtues crown'd, yet fall
" In mid career, disgracing by vile end
" Their happy outset. Ah, by vice deform'd,
" What mis'ry then awaits them! With deep sighs
" Of heav'nly friendship, with such tears as Man
" Ne'er yet has shed, the Seraphim lament
" The gloomy hour of their nativity.
" In this sad spot Lebbaus did I find
" By misty clouds envelop'd. O'er his soul
" A tinge of melancholy thought prevails;
" Which, though it slumbers oft when stormy tides
" Of earthly passion swell, yet ever wakes,
" When, in each stiller hour, his spirit soars
" Unfetter'd from the world. A mem'ry faint
" Of mournful voices e'en from infancy
" Has sway'd his soul. Wrapp'd in a dewy cloud
" I brought him to his earthly residence,

" And mid a grove of palms to realms of day
" His mother bore him. From their waving heads
" Unseen I flew, and cool'd his infant cheek
" With softest breezes. Yet e'en then he wept
" More than Man's helpless infancy is wont,
" When first t' obscure sensations they awake
" Of distant death. Mov'd at each witness'd tear
" By his companions shed, susceptible
" To ev'ry human woe, sadly he spent
" His mournful youth; and thus he still is found
" By his Redeemer's side. Ah, for thy pain,
" Thou virtuous youth, my pitying spirit grieves!
" When thy beloved Master dies, in woe
" Wilt thou expire! Oh strengthen then his soul,
" Redeemer of the world! Suffer him not
" To sink beneath his grief! But see, he comes
" With falt'ring step among us, lost in thought!
" Now, Selith, mayst thou view him! Closely now
" Upon his brow of sorrow mayst thou gaze!"

While yet the Seraph spoke, Lebbaus drew
Amid the circle. The etherial group,
Dividing swiftly, yielded to th' approach



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Of human footstep. So the Spring's soft air
Parts to the nightingale's low warbled tones
While sad she mourns her offspring. Now he stood,
And close again th' angelic circle drew.
Heard, as he thought, by no surrounding ear,
Lebbaus plaintive wept, and o'er his head
Wrung his pale hands: — " Alas, I find him not!
" One day of sorrow, and two gloomy nights,
" Already have elaps'd, and still in vain
" I seek him! Yes, his persecuting foes
" At length have seiz'd him; and Lebbaus lives
" While Jesus has expir'd! The murd'rous priests
" Have slain thee, oh thou Holy One! Thine eyes,
" Thy dying eyes, Lebbaus has not closed!
" Where have they slaughter'd him? What barren plain,
" What gloomy desart, has beheld the deed?
" Where lies his corse? Alas! amid the dead,
" Pale and disfigur'd, of thy heav'nly smile,
" Thy gracious mien, thy glance of mercy, robb'd
" By thy fell murderers, silent thou liest;
" Nor have thy faithful friends beheld thee fall!
" Oh, that my heart would cease to beat! that sunk
" In death's oblivious sleep my grief-worn soul

" In peace might rest !" Thus sad Lebbaus mourn'd,
And stretched him on the ground, where sleep at length
His heavy eyelids clos'd. With tender shoots
From the dark branching olives, Elim strew'd
His resting place, and breath'd o'er his pale cheek,
Unseen, warm breezy air, inspiring life
And calm repose. He slept; and in his dream,
Suggested by the Seraph, saw distinct
His living Master. Selith o'er him still
Hung with fraternal pity, till arous'd
By an approaching footstep's rustling sound.
" Say what is he," the Seraph cried, " who thus
" Ascending tow'rd us comes? His sable locks
" Hang o'er his spreading shoulders thickly curl'd;
" His thoughtful brow with manhood's beauty glows:
" High o'er the rest erect, his tow'ring head
" Completes his lofty bearing! Yet, my friends,
" Methinks I trace disquiet in his eye;
" No majesty of soul his features speak—
" But I must err. Is he not one of those
" Who shall, with the Messiah, glorious sit
" To judge the world? But ah, why speak ye not!
" Wherefore thus silent stand ye? Are ye griev'd

" That thus I should mistake him? Grieve no more,
" The error I acknowledge. Nor be thou,
" Holy disciple, wrathful at my words!
" When thou shalt gain the martyr's diadem,
" And join in triumph Heav'n's immortal band,
" I will redeem by tend'rest friendship's care
" My present wrong." He ceas'd; but sighing deep
Seraph Ithuriel spoke. " Must I reply?
" Alas! eternal silence best had veil'd
" My sorrow, Selith, and secur'd thy peace!
" He is Iscariot whom thou seest! Unmov'd,
" Without a tear, would I contemplate him,
" Or shun with holy wrath the guilty one,
" Had not his heart to virtue once been dear,
" While his unspotted youth in innocence
" Passed happily; had not the Saviour's choice
" Exalted him to the discipleship
" Which worthily awhile he fill'd, and trod
" The path of holiness. But now, — yet hold,
" I would not multiply my griefs. Alas!
" Now know I why, when erst before Heav'n's throne
" We of the Twelve discours'd (ere yet on earth
" They had appear'd), Eloa, sent by God,

" Descended mournfully, and veil'd with clouds
" One of their shining seats. At the dread hour
" When his unhappy mother gave him birth,
" Gabriel, his visage darkly hid, slow pass'd
" With gesture sad, as if denouncing woe.
" Oh that he ne'er had been! Yes, better far,
" Son of Perdition, had it been for thee
" Ne'er to have seen the light, than to have prov'd
" Thus mindless of thy sacred call, and false
" To thy Redeemer!" Thus Ithuriel spake.
" Trembling I hear, and o'er my darken'd sight
" Swim gloomy shades!" Selith astonish'd cried:
" Iscariot! one of the selected Twelve!
" Thy chosen charge, Ithuriel! What! is he
" Unworthy of his office? Is he false
" To the Messiah? Ah, what is his crime?
" What thus debases him before his Lord,
" Before thy sight, before Heav'n's wond'ring host?
" Tell me, Ithuriel, while I shudd'ring hear."
" Seraph," replied Ithuriel, " secret hate
" Excites th' unhappy wretch to mad revolt
" Against his heav'nly Master. John he hates,

" Because the Saviour with peculiar love
" Has, above all the rest, distinguish'd him:
" And, though e'en from himself he fain would hide
" The impious sentiment, he hates his Lord.
" In some tremendous hour the love of wealth
" Has in his breast, which once own'd nobler hopes,
" Struck deep its baneful root. Blinded, misled,
" He dreams that John, favour'd above the rest,
" Above himself especially, is doom'd
" In the Messiah's future realm, rich store
" Of choisest gems to gather. Oft have I
" From his own lips in mournful accents heard
" This wild chimera, while apart he stray'd
" In fancied solitude. Once as the words
" Deep in Benhinnon's vale broke from his lip
" With impious wishes mingled, while in grief
" Aside I turn'd, and rais'd my eye to Heav'n,
" Before me Satan strode; with bitter smile
" Of proud contempt, he from Iscariot came,
" And gaz'd in haughty pity as he pass'd!
" Now lies the heart of Judas bare, expos'd
" To sin's worst tempest, which with hurrying force

" Sweeps him to ruin. But behold, he comes !
" Oh let me fly ! No more can my sad eyes
" Support the traitor's aspect. See, he comes !"

Ithuriel spoke, and fled in haste away,
By Selith follow'd, till amid the graves
They reach'd the spot where Raphael ling'ring watch'd
John's guiltless slumbers. Soft the smile of youth
Play'd upon Raphael's cheek, his parting lips,
Like morning's rosy portals op'ning, breath'd
Mellifluous accents, while in soothing tone
To Selith he exclaim'd, " Seraph, compose
" Thy troubled spirit ! Yonder slumbers John,
" Chief in his Saviour's love. Contemplate him,
" And soon of Judas wilt thou think no more !
" With angel purity, with boundless zeal
" He serves his Master, whose unerring choice
" Has with peculiar confidence and love
" Distinguish'd him. When his immortal soul
" First sprung to life, I heard in choral strain
" Heav'n's brilliant youth round their new comrade sing,
" ' Hail, future friend ! Hail, sacred spark of life,

" ' Breath'd from the Deity ! We greet thy birth !
" ' Lovely and gentle art thou, yet sublime
" ' As lofty seraphim thy thoughts ! Oh come !
" ' We to thy fleshly tabernacle, form'd
" ' In beauty's mould, conduct thee ! Soon, alas !
" ' Its fragile loveliness must sink in dust
" ' And see corruption ! But amid the dead
" ' Raphael shall seek thee, deck thy rising form
" ' With sparkling radiance, wreathe thy joyful brow
" ' With glory's diadem, and thus adorn'd
" ' Conduct thee to thy Saviour in the clouds.'
" Thus sung, exulting, the celestial choir."
Raphael here paus'd. The friendly seraphim
Now circling drew around with noiseless step
And silent gaz'd on John. Three brothers thus
Stand round a sleeping sister, careless stretch'd
In balmy slumber on some flow'ry bank,
In youthful beauty blooming, fair and soft,
Like Heav'n's pure habitants. Ah little yet
Knows she that of their father's virtuous life
The period fast approaches ! This to tell
Her brothers sought her — but they see her sleep,
And stand in silence round !

Meantime, o'erspent
With heart-fatiguing care, th' eleven slept
Amid the shades of Olivet. Some stretch'd
'Neath the cool shadow of o'erhanging boughs:
Some in the narrow clefts 'twixt rising hills
Deep riven: some at the tall cedars' feet
Which proudly rear'd their tufted heads, and shook
With gentle murmur from their fragrant boughs
Soft dews and calm repose. Some sleeping lay
Amid the sepulchres for prophets hewn
By the blood-guilty City's murd'rous sons.
Stretch'd near Lebbaus, whom as friend he claim'd
And distant kinsman, in unquiet sleep
Judas Iscariot lay. His ambush dark
Satan had left, where lurking silently
With ill-restrain'd impatience he had heard
The converse of the angels, and now fir'd
With hopes of ruin, o'er Iscariot's head
Low brooding hover'd. Thus, in midnight's hour,
Fell Pestilence o'er sleeping cities steals:
He spreads his heavy wings, and on the walls
Deposits death; with poison's force he breathes.
Still peaceful lies the town; the wakeful sage

Still ponders by his lamp; still social sit
Some virtuous friends, and o'er their temp'rate glass
Of friendship's joys, of man's immortal hopes,
Calmly converse. — Ah! soon shall frightful death
In morning's dismal light around them lie!
Then, in that day of woe, of dying shrieks,
The bride shall ring her hands in agony,
And weep her bridegroom: with despairing cry
The mother, reft of all her progeny,
Will curse her birth and theirs: with haggard eyes,
Hollow in death, the lonely grave-digger
Will stagger mid the carcases; till high
From thunder clouds, with grave and thoughtful brow
The angel of destruction downward soars,
Looks wide around, and sees all silent lie
In desert loneliness! With ruin fraught
Thus hover'd Satan o'er Iscariot's head,
And through his brain diffus'd seducing dreams.
Soon swell'd his throbbing heart with impious hopes,
Kindling, from previous wishes, into fire
Within his burning breast. Thus Heav'n's red bolt
Amid sulphureous hills descending, lights
Their flaming entrails, and with gath'ring force

Swells to a tempest. With foreboding zeal,
Meantime, Ithuriel to his charge return'd.
But when he saw how o'er Iscariot's head
Satan's dark wings were stretch'd, trembling he stood
And cast his eyes to Heav'n: then earnest strove
Judas from sleep to rouze. Thrice o'er his brow
Fierce on a tempest's howling wing he brush'd
Amid the rustling cedars: thrice he stalk'd
With thund'ring footstep past the sleeping one,
Till 'neath him shook the solid rock. In vain!
With cold and pallid cheek still Judas lay,
As wrapp'd in death's last slumber. Then his face
The Seraph veil'd.

Now to Iscariot's sight
His father's form arose, and seem'd to gaze
With fix'd and woeful aspect on his son,
While in faint accent thus the phantom said,
" Sleep'st thou, Iscariot, careless and at ease!
" Canst thou thus venture from thy Master's side
" Distant so long to lie, though well thou know'st
" He hates thee and prefers with partial love
" Thy more distinguish'd comrades? Why, my son,

" Art thou not ever near him like the rest?
" Why seek'st thou not to win his heart afresh?
" Ah, Judas, to what miserable lot
" Thy dying father left thee! Must I thus
" Rise from death's dreary vale to weep, my son,
" To mourn his wretched destiny? Think'st thou,
" In the Messiah's future realm, to gain
" A brighter station? Oh unhappy youth,
" How dost thou err! Hast thou forgotten then
" Those favour'd ones, the sons of Zebedee,
" And Peter? 'Tis on them he will bestow
" His choicest wealth. Come, rouze thee! Look around,
" For I will spread before thee in one view
" Thy Master's glorious kingdom! Seest thou there
" Yon fair broad hills which o'er these fertile vales
" Their length'ning shadows throw? Thence shall be drawn,
" As from the glitt'ring Ophir, purest gold
" From mines unfailing. Each rich vale between
" Shall drop with fruitful blessings year by year
" In inexhaustible fertility.
" That is the favour'd John's inheritance!
" Yon mountain cloth'd with vines, yon spreading fields
" With waving corn so thick, are Peter's lot.

" View all around ! Behold the smiling plains !
" See how the lofty cities proudly stand,
" Glancing like royal Zion in the sun,
" Crowded with habitants ! What copious streams,
" Mighty as Jordan, lave their buttress'd walls !
" Gardens like Eden's fringe the banks, whose sand
" With gold is mingled ! Lo, these form the lot
" Of the belov'd disciples ! But, behold !
" Seest thou, my son, yon small and distant land ?
" Wild, stony, bleak, and desolate, it lies ;
" Dull night with cold and dripping mist hangs there :
" Its barren depths 'neath ice and drifted snow
" Lie cover'd deep. Sad, mid the rifted oaks
" By lightning split, the dismal birds of night
" Hoot their ill-omen'd strain, condemn'd to share
" Thy lot of solitude and woe. Alas !
" Behold thy heritage, my hapless son !
" How will the rest in triumph proudly pass,
" And scarce regard thee in the dust ! With wrath
" I see thee weep ! But vain thy bitt'rest tears,
" Vain thy despair, — thou must thine own cause aid.
" Lo, the Messiah lingers to fulfil
" His great redemption ; to establish yet

" His promis'd kingdom! Nought, meantime, can prove
" More hateful to the souls of Israel's chiefs,
" Than to obey, as king, the Nazarene.
" Daily they plot his death. Dissemble then!
" Feign to be willing to give up thy Lord
" Into their Elders' hands; not to avenge
" His causeless hatred, but to urge him on,
" Weary of persecution, to arise
" In formidable wrath, his foes to quell,
" To smite them to the earth with scorn in shame,
" And blind confusion, and at once t' erect
" His long-expected kingdom. Then at least
" Would'st thou, as foll'wer of a dreaded Chief,
" Henceforth appear; then would'st thou sooner gain,
" Drear as it is, thy heritage. Perhaps
" Thy ceaseless diligence, thy watchful toil,
" Some faint resemblance may at length create
" 'Twixt it and thy companions' fairer lots.
" At least thou may'st be sure the grateful priests
" With gold will fill thy hands. Thus then, my son,
" Thy father counsels thee! Oh, look on me!
" Dost thou not know my pale expiring face?
" Yes, from beneath the groves of Lebanon,

" Where still for thee I wake, behold I come,
" In visions of the night, to point to thee
" The path of safety! But from sleep thou wak'st!
" Scorn not, my son, thy father's warning voice!
" Oh, to my comrades in the silent grave,
" The spirits of the dead, permit me not
" In sorrow to descend!"

The phantom fled.
Satan, at whose command the vision ceas'd,
Now proudly stood erect, as some huge mass
Which rears its frowning brow, while sudden sink,
Beneath the earthquake's shock, th' encircling plains.
Judas awoke, and sprung in fury up.
" Yes, 'twas my father's voice! 'Twas the pale face
" He wore in death! All then is true! He knows
" That Jesus hates me — e'en among the dead
" The rumour reaches! Swift then will I go
" To execute the vision's high behest.
" But, shall I thus betray my promis'd faith
" To Jesus? What, if anger's fiery heat,
" Or Satan, has inspir'd my dream? Away!

" Ye coward thoughts ! I feel the burning thirst
" For wealth and vengeance. Should I tremble then
" With timid tenderness ? Dreams have I had
" Which point to vengeance ; and when visions bid,
" Revenge is sanctified !" While thus he spoke,
Satan exulting heard, and on the wretch,
In haughty, silent, scorn, the tow'ring fiend
Look'd down severe. So sternly looks,
Peering through lofty clouds, some giant rock
On eddying waves below where darkly heave
Pale floating carcases. But Heav'n's red bolt
Sudden shall strike him ! Soon 'neath ocean plung'd
Deep shall he lie ! The isles shall see his fall,
And to th' avenging thunder loudly shout !

Satan elate from Olivet now turn'd,
Stalk'd o'er Jerusalem with lengthen'd stride,
And in his silent palace sought God's priest,
Yet secret foe, stern Caiaphas ; whose breast,
With evil fill'd, the fiend urg'd on to thoughts
Of deeper wickedness, and mock'd his sight
With dreams of darkness.

On the Olive Mount 670

Judas, still plung'd in mazy thought, remained.
Pale daylight o'er the sleeping world now broke,
And Jesus, with the faithful John, arose.
Together tow'rd the summit they advanc'd
And sought the band, who yet in slumber lay.
The hand of sad Lebbaus Jesus grasp'd,
And cried, as he awoke, " Lebbaus, rise !
" Behold thy Master lives !" Quickly he rose,
With tears of joy before his Saviour bent,
Then rouz'd his sleeping friends. While round they drew, 680
In words like these the mild Redeemer spoke:
" Approach, my friends ! We will together pass
" This parting day. Come! Sharon's plains still lie
" Smiling in peace, still drops the dew of Heav'n
" From early clouds upon her favour'd fields:
" Behold, the sky-aspiring cedars still
" Offer cool shade; still may I view Man's face
" In God's own image, peaceful near me stand.
" Soon 'twill be o'er ! Soon will yon sky, o'ercast
" With frightful clouds, draw darkly round: the depths 690

" Of inmost earth, quiv'ring, shall shake, and rend
" These smiling fields: soon shall the face of Man
" Glare with the murd'rer's glance upon me: soon
" Will all of ye forsake me! Weep ye not!
" Peter, Lebbaus, weep not! Lo, ere long
" Ye shall again behold me!" Jesus ceas'd.
Calm shone his face divine, though through his soul,
While mid his sorrowing train serene he stood,
Th' atoning anguish thrill'd with bitter pang.

By his disciples follow'd, he advanc'd.
Iscariot join'd them not. He, mid the shade
Of thickly woven boughs conceal'd, had heard
The Saviour's words; and as his eye pursued
Their parting steps, thus in low tone he cried:
" So, then, he knows already that a day
" Of danger o'er him hangs! Then will he know
" How to defeat his enemies, and crown
" His enterprise with triumph. Ha! but what,
" If he should know my purpose? Should my dream
" Deceitful prove; the phantom's warning false;
" Came it but to torment my troubled soul;
" Oh then! Curs'd be the hour in which I slept,

" And saw my father's pallid corpse appear!
" At each return, may it be hail'd by shrieks
" Of dying agony, from each far hill,
" From every deep hewn grave! Curst be the spot
" On which I lay! By parricidal blood
" May it be stain'd! But hold: — why rage I thus?
" If visions sent from Heav'n prove false, no sin
" To me can be imputed! Yet my heart
" In anguish thrills! My bones with terror shake!
" Judas awake! Arouse thyself, be strong!
" Why faints my heart? My vision mock'd me not;
" Or, were it so, how else can I obtain
" The wealth my spirit thirsts for?" Thus, in thought,
Madly he rag'd, and, since his dream, advanc'd
Two dreadful hours nearer eternity.

# THE MESSIAH

## CANTO IV.

## CANTO IV.

STILL on his couch, whence rest had flown, immers'd
In tott'ring thought lay Caiaphas, appall'd
By Satan's dark infusions. Broken sleep
One moment clos'd his eyelids, but the next,
Starting, he woke, and wildly toss'd him round.
As when, on War's red field, expiring rolls
Some fierce blasphemer, the victorious host,
The foaming steeds, the din of clashing mail,
The cries, the shouts, the thund'ring welkin's roar,
Tumultuous o'er him sweep; his shatter'd head
Sinks to the earth; speechless, and reft of sense,
Awhile he lies among the dead, and deems
Existence o'er; till, with a frenzied start,
Sudden again he wakes to life and thought,
Curses his being, flings with pallid hand
His blood to Heav'n, and with his dying cry
Struggles to utter blasphemy: so wild,

So horror-struck rose Caiaphas, and call'd
The Sanhedrim t' assemble.

Deep within
His sumptuous palace rose a lofty hall
Of cedar built, and richly deck'd in pomp
Like that of Solomon. Here, thronging thick,
The Priests and Elders of Judea came.
Joseph, the mild Arimathean Sage,
Appear'd amid th' assembly. Wisely firm
(Mid Abr'am's now degenerate sons) he join'd
The virtuous few who faithful yet remain'd.
Calm, as the peaceful moon when o'er the earth
Aloft through fleecy clouds she rides, he came
To meet the Sanhedrim. Behind the throng
Came Nicodemus also; Joseph's friend,
And friend of Jesus. Now, with haughty mien,
Sudden fierce Caiaphas advancing strode,
And furious cried, "At last, we must perforce,
"Ye Fathers of Jerusalem, some step
"Decisive take! We must with pow'rful arm
"Annihilate our foe, or he will crown
"With quick success his long projected schemes,

" And this assembled Council of to-day
" Perhaps shall be our last! Our Hierarchy,
" By God himself establish'd, and sustain'd
" Through long captivity, unshaken then
" By all the might of Babylon, upheld
" E'en yet 'gainst fearful Rome, is now, yes now,
" To fall (it seems), to Israel's lasting shame,
" Before the single arm of mortal foe!
" Is not Jerusalem his own? Are not the towns
" Of faithless Judah but the willing slaves
" Of this, their idol prophet? From the shrine
" Of their far wiser fathers, with blind zeal
" Fly not our people to the distant wilds,
" There to behold, with superstitious awe,
" Seducing wonders wrought by Satan's pow'r?
" And (greater miracle than these) meantime
" Here do we calmly sit, as if to stay
" Till by his crew before him slain we lie,
" And wait his summons back to life! Fathers!
" Amaz'd and dumb, I see ye gaze on me!
" Can ye then doubt? Still slumb'ring, hesitate?
" What, know ye not that Judah as her king
" Has oft already hail'd him? Strew'd they not

" His path with palms? Did they not sing aloud
" Hosannas to his name? Oh, may he hear,
" Instead of glad hosannas, God's dread curse!
" May tones of thunder, in his deafen'd ear,
" Not notes of triumph, ring! In Death's dark realm
" May shadowy monarchs from their iron thrones
" In mock'ry rise to meet him, lay their crowns
" In scorn before him, and 'hosanna' cry!
" Yes, Fathers! God himself from earth's wide face
" Would have us blot our foe. Ye shall yourselves
" Decide upon the vision sent this night
" From Heav'n to Caiaphas. Restless I lay
" Revolving anxiously the likely scope
" Of this new heresy; at length, o'erwhelm'd
" By doubt and grief, I sunk in troubled sleep.
" Methought within the Temple gates I stood,
" About to offer for the people's sins
" The wonted victim. Soon the blood was shed,
" And to unclose the sacred veil with awe
" I now approach'd: when, lo, (God's terrors still
" Shake my perturbed soul,) Aaron advanc'd
" In splendid vestment, but with threat'ning brow,
" Fiercely against me! From his fiery eye

" Seem'd death to glare ! His glitt'ring breast-plate shone
" As if with Horeb's lightnings on my face !
" The wings of the Ark-covering Cherubim
" Fearfully rustled; while my priestly robe
" Dropp'd suddenly, and on the pavement fell
" Like powder'd ashes. ' Fly !' the vision cried
" In tones of thunder, ' Fly, unhappy wretch !
" ' Shame of the Priesthood ! Dare profane no more,
" ' As God's High Priest, his holy sanctuary !'
" Then with a glance, such as in deadly hate
" Man on his mortal foe would cast, whose blood
" He thirsts to spill, again he fiercely cried,
" ' Unworthy wretch ! Call'st thou thyself God's Priest,
" ' And, cowardly supine, thus view'st thou still
" ' Unpunished yonder reprobate profane
" ' God's holy Sabbath, mock at Abr'am's name,
" ' At me and Moses ? Go ! Lest ling'ring here
" ' Heav'n's fire consume thee !' Aaron ceas'd, while I,
" With streaming hair, with dust besprinkled head,
" Unrob'd, and wild with terror, fled without
" Before the people. Loud with angry cries
" The people raging, menac'd me with death.
" Then I awoke, and since my fearful dream

" Three hours of agony, bath'd in cold damps
" Like those of death, I've lain! E'en still my heart
" With horror thrills, still, reft of voice, my tongue
" Stiffens within my lips! Our foe must die.
" From you, assembled Fathers, I await
" Speedy decision on his mode of death!"
Here Caiaphas a moment speechless stood
Glaring on vacancy; then quick exclaim'd,
" Better that one should die, than perish all!
" But on the feast-day he must not expire,
" (So wisdom counsels,) lest th' infatuate mob
" Should rise to rescue him!" He spoke and ceas'd.

No word, no whisper'd sound through the vast hall
Could now be heard. The whole assembly sate
Silent and motionless as if Heav'n's flash
Had struck them lifeless. Joseph mark'd the pause,
And in defence of Jesus rose to speak,
But sudden stopp'd, check'd by the angry glance
Of a fierce Pharisee, who starting rose
With furious gesture: Philo was he called.
Ne'er had his lips the Saviour's name pronounc'd,
Proudly unwilling to disclose his thoughts

Till time was ripe for action. He was deem'd
Subtle by all, by Caiaphas himself,
Who yet well knew the Priest's relentless hate
Against him burn'd. Philo now stood erect.
Dark flash'd his stern and melancholy eye
While thus in scorn he spoke: " What, Caiaphas,
" Wilt thou with dreams amuse our list'ning ears,
" As if thou knew'st not that to carnal souls,
" In pleasures sunk, God ne'er appears; as if
" Thou thought'st that spirits might in dreams converse
" With secret Sadducee! Well do thy arts
" Prove thee adept in Roman policy,
" Worthy thy purchas'd Priesthood! Yet thy guilt,
" Compar'd against the Nazarene's, is slight.
" Thou dost but stain the sacerdotal rank,
" He would destroy it! Yes, he shall expire!
" His death these eyes shall view! Wet from the hill
" Of slaughter will I bring the blood-stain'd earth
" Within the sanctuary, as lasting mark
" For Israel's remembrance! Where have we
" This slavish terror of the fickle mob,
" These pusillanimous precautions learnt?
" Not from our fathers! Did the Tishbite fear

" To slay the prophets who in vain implor'd
" Their sleeping Baal? But perhaps ye deem
" His confidence on fire from God was fix'd?
" By wonders unassisted will I stand
" Firmly amid the people. Woe to him,
" Who shall arise against me, or shall say,
" Yon visionary dreamer's gushing blood
" Flow'd not to honour God! When in my eye
" Death's signal they shall read, the nation's arm
" Unanimous shall stone him! In the sight
" Of Israel, of the Romans, shall he die.
" Then shall we proudly sit in judgement! Then,
" With acclamations greeted, shall return
" To God's great sanctuary!" As Philo spoke
He rais'd his arms, and rushing forward, stood
Erect before th' assembly, while again
He cried aloud, " Spirit of Moses, hear!
" By thee I swear, henceforth to know no rest
" Till I have slain thy foe; till my red hands,
" Dipp'd in his blood, I at our altar wave
" O'er these grey locks, in speechless gratitude!"
Thus spake the furious priest, and boastful stood,
As if the eye of God pierc'd not with ease

Such whited sepulchres. Yet loud his heart
Proclaim'd him hypocrite, though, while its charge
Deeply he felt, no change his eye betray'd,
As full before the Sanhedrim he stood.
Back on his golden throne leant Caiaphas
With indignation quiv'ring: to the earth
He bent his deep-flush'd cheek, his stiffen'd gaze,
Speechless with wrath. The Sadducees beheld,
And furiously 'gainst Philo they arose
In uproar wild. So on the battle-field
War's snorting coursers fly, with broken reins,
Yoked to the iron car, while whizzing spears
Ring through the air. Wildly they drag their Chief,
Whose arm had scatter'd death, till to the earth
They hurl him, breathing blood: they neigh, they stamp
The shaking ground, their threat'ning eyeballs flash
With sparkling fire, they snuff the coming storm!
Thus wild and fierce the Sanhedrim had now
With discord rung, had not Gamaliel rose.
Calm reason sat upon his brow, while thus
In accent mild he spoke: "If, mid the storm
"Of angry passions, reason might prevail;

" Fathers, if wisdom still be dear to you,
" Oh, hear my voice! Should fierce contention thus
" Fresh kindling ever rise; should the mere name
" Of Pharisee and Sadducee still thus
" Divide your councils, how shall ye oppose
" A common foe? Yet, perhaps God himself
" This jealous discord sends: He would reserve,
" As his own right, to promulgate the doom
" Of yonder Nazarene. Leave then, oh leave
" To God his judgement! Far too weak are ye
" To wield his thunderbolt! Crumbling in dust,
" Prone would ye sink 'neath His dread armoury
" Before whom Heav'n trembles! Cease ye then!
" In silence listen to the voice divine
" Of the approaching Judge! Soon will it speak,
" And earth, from east to west, shall hear the sound!
" Then, should he to the tempest say, 'Arise!
" 'Crush him in dust!' Or to the obedient blast,
" 'Scatter his bones like ashes to the winds!'
" Or to the glitt'ring sword, 'Awake, and drink
" 'Yon sinner's blood!' or to the earth's abyss,
" 'Yawn deep, and swallow him!' Confest to all
" A guilty dreamer will he then appear.

" But if, with heavenly deeds to bless the earth
" He still proceed; if, through his pow'r, the blind
" Ope to the sun his eyes, and wond'ring view
" The Father whose conducting care, till then
" Unseen, had led him; (pardon me, if, fir'd
" By his exalted acts, ye deem I speak
" His praise in words too warm;) if the deaf ear
" Again he open, make it hear Man's voice,
" The blessing from God's priest, the bride's lov'd tone,
" The mother's weeping joy, the choral hymn,
" The loud-sung hallelujah; if, through him
" The dead arising, 'gainst us testify,
" Tow'rd Heav'n look up with eyes restor'd to life,
" Then, angry, gaze on us, and pointing show
" Their open graves, as if in menace stern
" Of that dread Judge before whose awful bar
" They just had stood; if (what yet plainer speaks
" His power divine) he shall continue still
" His blameless life; if, clad in virtue's form,
" The Deity he imitate by acts
" Of pow'r miraculous; say, shall we then,
" Fathers, I charge ye by the living God!
" Shall we condemn him? Speak!"

Gamaliel paus'd.

Now o'er Jerusalem the noonday sun
Again his radiance shed: the hour advanc'd,
And Judas tow'rd the Sanhedrim drew near.
Before him Satan strode with eager haste;
Ithuriel follow'd, and both now, unseen,
Stood 'mong the priests, and round th' assembly gaz'd,
Which throng'd the spacious hall. There silent sat
Mild Nicodemus, and with searching glance
Contemplated each face. As when loud rolls
Heav'n's thunder o'er his head, the sinner stands
Aghast and pale, so look'd the Sanhedrim.
E'en Caiaphas and Philo shrunk abash'd
With terror 'neath Gamaliel's eloquence.
Slow rising, Nicodemus threw around
A glance of fear and scorn, then stood erect
In act to speak. All view'd his lofty form,
His thoughtful brow, benevolent, but sad.
Though deep his melting eye in sorrow swam,
The peace of an unspotted conscience spread
O'er his calm visage, while he thus exclaim'd,
" Blessed be thou, Gamaliel! May our God
" Who thus with wisdom has inspir'd thy lip,

" And steel'd with manly courage thy bold heart,
" Ever protect thee! Can I bless your names,
" Ye, Caiaphas and Philo, who would slay
" God's holy Prophet? No; I bless ye not!
" I can but weep your doom! Oh, if your hearts
" Be open yet to tears, if the low voice,
" Which mourns for innocence, can move your souls,
" Hear its sad plainings now! Should this pure blood
" By you be shed, its voice will louder cry
" Than howling storms for vengeance! Then to Heav'n
" The sound will rise, and reach th' Eternal's ear.
" Then will he hear, then, Mercy cast away,
" In Judgement will he come, and from your hands
" Require the slain: ' Where, Judah, where is he,
" ' Your Great Messiah?" Should he not be found,
" From east to west will God extirpate swift
" That guilty race who slew his Holy One!"

Thus Nicodemus spoke. With threat'ning glare
Philo in silence listen'd, shudd'ring deep
With fury which he proudly strove to hide.
He strove in vain: dark roll'd his clouded eye;
The shades of night before him floating swam,

And veil'd the assembly. Either must he sink,
Or his now stagnant blood, with impulse strong,
Again must throb, and call him back to life.
Quicker it beat, and quicker still, and now
From his thick heaving breast mounting it rose
And flush'd his visage. See! He sudden springs
From out the circle with infuriate rage!
So, when some fearful tempest gath'ring hangs
O'er summits inaccessible, forth bursts
One solitary cloud, surcharg'd and black
With struggling thunders, with electric fire:
While others shiver but the cedar tops,
This hurls whole forests down, kindles in flame,
While roar ten thousand thunders, the tall spires
Of distant cities, till in ruin'd heaps
Deeply interr'd they lie! So dark, so fierce,
Sprung Philo forth. Satan beheld, and thus
Exulting spoke: "Now may thy speech to me
" Be consecrate! Impetuous let it flow
" As Hell's dark waters! Wild like seas of fire!
" Rapid and thunder-breathing as my voice,
" When Hell's decrees I issue! Philo, thus
" Speak death to yonder Nazarene, and I,

" I will reward thee ! When his blood shall flow,
" Thy bosom will I touch with fiendish joy !"

Thus Satan spoke. Ithuriel shudd'ring heard.
Philo, with glance uprais'd to Heav'n, now cried,
" Altar of Blood ! Whereon the paschal lamb
" Propitiatory dies ! Most holy Place !
" Ark of the Covenant ! Ye Cherubim
" With outspread wings ! Great Temple of the Lord !
" Moriah's holy Mount ! When spoil'd ye lie
" Wasted by yonder Nazarene, (whose train
" Will then be swell'd by these his followers,
" These men of wickedness,) lo, guiltless here
" Of this your devastation Philo stands !
" Yes ! I am innocent, when with sad looks,
" With trembling limbs, with hands in terror clasp'd,
" Our children shall in God's most holy Place
" Seek him and find him not ! When His high Throne
" The Nazarene shall have exalted, where
" God o'er the Cherubim once sat: when men,
" Yon sinner idolizing, incense burn,
" Where now the sacred veil mysterious hangs,
" Where now the priest alone, with hidden face,

" The Mercy-seat approaches! May my eyes
" Be clos'd in death e'er this calamity,
" This desolation, come to pass! But yet,
" What to avert such ruin I may do,
" I will perform. Hear, God of Israel, hear,
" While thus I stand before thee! Lo, I curse
" These men who thus despise thee, and protect
" Yon sinner, Moses' foe! May thy last end,
" Oh Nicodemus, be like his! Thy grave,
" Like yonder rebel's, darkly lie, afar
" From our blest Altar, where vile murderers
" To death are ston'd! Hard be thy dying heart!
" Tearless thine eye; for falsely has it wept
" A reprobate's defence! Gamaliel too,
" Dost thou protect yon dreamer? May thine eye
" In blackest night be shut; then wait his help,
" And wait in vain! May deafness close thine ear!
" Terrific be thy death! Then mould'ring lie,
" Till from the grave he rouze thee! Thy dread arm,
" Oh God of Israel, lift! Fulfil the curse
" My lips have utter'd in thine honour's cause!
" But oh, thy fiercest wrath, at which earth's height,
" Hell's deepest caverns, shake, thy reddest bolt

" Reserve to smite the guiltier Nazarene!
" From youth to age I yet have worshipp'd thee
" After our fathers' rites; but should I live
" This Nazaritish rebel's victory
" Weeping to witness; should I then behold
" Thy Cov'nant fail; thy sanctuary, thine oath
" Of blessing sworn to Abr'am and his seed,
" Avail us nothing; lo, in Judah's face
" Here solemnly will I reject thy law,
" Thy government! I will without thee live!
" My head shall drop without thee to the grave!
" Yes, if from earth's wide face thou dost not sweep
" Yon dreamer, Moses saw thee not! The bush,
" With flame envelop'd, was but Fancy's sport!
" On Sinai ne'er didst thou tremendous shine!
" No trumpet sounded! No loud thunders roar'd!
" The mountain quaked not! Oh unhappy race,
" Of all earth's habitants, most wretched we,
" And our progenitors! No law have we!
" Thou art not Israel's God!"

The Pharisee
Here paus'd, and drew in anger back. But calm,

With unmov'd aspect, Nicodemus stood,
As one who silent 'neath oppression's pow'r
Exults in conscious truth and innocence.
Composure in his eye, Heav'n in his soul,
His grateful thoughts reverted to that night,
When, in his favour'd dwelling, Jesus sat
Alone in gracious converse, and discours'd
Of God's high mysteries, of eternity:
When he had seen his heav'nly smile, his brow
Of deepest thought, his face, where grace divine
Benignant shone, the more than human fire
Which fill'd his eye, the fair developement
Of spotless innocence, the radiant trace
Of God's own image, the Eternal Son!
All this through Nicodemus' soul revolv'd,
In silent pray'r he stood; too highly blest
At Man's weak curse to tremble. Heav'n's own fire
His soul exalted. Rapt he seem'd, as if
E'en then, before God's Judgement-seat he stood
With Man's assembl'd host at Earth's last doom.
Awe-struck the Sanhedrim upon him gaz'd.
Virtue's resistless glance from his calm eye
Shot terror through the sinners: angrily

They felt its influence, and reluctant heard.
" Oh blest am I," he cried, " whose favour'd eyes
" Have seen thee, oh thou Holy One! Thrice blest!
" I have beheld our Father's long-wish'd Hope,
" Our promis'd Saviour! Him, whom Abr'am oft
" In Mamre's grove with solitary sighs
" Desir'd in vain to see: whom David's pray'rs
" Would fain have drawn from his great Father's throne:
" For whom our prophets long'd: now giv'n to us
" Unworthy! Lo, by impious names these men
" Have here blasphem'd thee as a Sinner! What,
" Stood he not lately in the synagogue,
" Where, Philo, thou wert present? Said he not,
" ' Who can of sin convince me?' Where was then
" The wrath now pour'd from thy blaspheming lips?
" Philo, why then so speechless didst thou stand
" Mid thy associates? Silence reign'd around
" And eager expectation. Wild with joy
" Some faces beam'd, some writh'd in guilty fear.
" Still dumb and motionless th' assembly stood,
" Waiting till one might rise, and testify
" To some discover'd fault. But not a man
" Was found, in the throng'd multitude, to stand

" And witness aught against the Holy One.
" Then from the people rosè to Heav'n a shout
" So loud, that Olivet's wood-circled brow,
" Moriah's summit, trembled at the sound.
" The voices of the former blind and deaf
" Swell'd the loud chorus : there the people press'd
" Whose hunger in the desarts he had fed !
" Then high was heard a voice amid the crowd
" Of him, who lately at the gate of Nain
" Quitted his bier at his Deliv'rer's call.
" ' More than a man art thou !' it shouting cried,
" ' Thou wert not born of Adam's sinful race ;
" ' Thou art the Son of God ! This hand I stretch
" ' Thus tow'rd thee, once was stiff ! This weeping eye
" ' Had clos'd ! Even my soul, which joyful thus
" ' Now hails thee, had forsaken me ! As dead
" ' They bore me to the grave ! But life and warmth
" ' Thou to my stiffen'd limbs, to my clos'd eye
" ' In pity didst restore ! Again I saw
" ' The earth, the sky, my trembling mother's form ;
" ' No longer to the grave her youthful son
" ' Weeping she follow'd ! Oh, no man art thou !
" ' Thou art the Son of God !' Thus cried the voice.

" But, Philo, then why didst thou speechless stand,
" With downcast gaze? Yet wherefore should I ask?
" Well know ye all! Oh had ye eyes to see,
" Or ears to hear; were not your minds obscur'd
" By grossest darkness, and your hearts in sin
" Too deeply plung'd; long since the Son of God
" In him would ye have have own'd! Oh friend of Man!
" Religion! Daughter of the Deity!
" Heav'n's choicest gift! How beautiful art thou,
" When, as a Seraph pure, and sweet as streams
" Of life eternal, o'er a pious soul
" Thou shed'st immortal radiance! But to him
" Whose breast with hatred burns, a bloody sword,
" A priestess foul of massacre, art thou!
" No more Religion! Black as tenfold night,
" Horrid, besmear'd with sanguine stains, thy foot
" Rests on th' abyss of Hell, thy impious head,
" High-rear'd, insults the sky! Thy phantom shape,
" By fiendish malice form'd, then leads the way
" To murder! Yes! E'en now thou seek'st the life
" Of this great Prophet, God's beloved Son!
" Oh, may I share his grave! May my last end
" Resemble his! But why delay I still

" To quit this throng'd assembly? Lo, I go
" Guiltless and pure, (the Lord hath heard my pray'r,)
" Pure from the righteous blood of innocence!
" Now, Judge of Earth, now take me to thyself!
" For in the councils of these wicked ones
" I have no part!" Here Nicodemus paus'd;
Then bent his knee in pray'r: " Oh thou!" he cried,
" Who before Abr'am wert! Messiah! Lord!
" For me, at Earth's last day of doom, do thou
" Bear witness!" As again he stood erect
He turned to Philo. Bright as Seraph's face
Beam'd his mild visage. " Philo," he exclaim'd,
" Me thou hast curs'd. Hear, while I bless thee now,
" For such is his command whom I adore;
" Oh hear me, and acknowledge him! When Death
" At length shall summon thee; when o'er thy soul
" This blood of innocence shall rushing come
" Like ocean-billows; when, as howls the storm,
" The voice of vengeance in thine ear shall roar;
" When thou shalt hear, advancing through the gloom,
" Th' Eternal's mighty step, the iron tread
" Of thine approaching Judge, the hollow clang
" Of his just balances, his sword's sharp whirl,

" Just whetted, cleave the air; when Death's last pang,
" Sent from his presence, shakes thy struggling soul
" With thoughts ne'er own'd before, and thy dim eye,
" Glazing in stiffness, sees the coming doom;
" Oh then, when writhing at th' Avenger's feet
" In agony thou liest, may God accept
" Thy prayer for mercy! May he pardon thee!"
No more the righteous Nicodemus spoke,
But left th' assembly.

His retiring steps
By Joseph were pursued. Ithuriel saw
The bold departure, and, in rapture soar'd
High o'er the hall, his arms in triumph spread.
Gladly his speaking eye he rais'd to Heav'n;
Celestial smiles play'd o'er his beaming cheek;
While joy ineffable, with dancing ray,
Stream'd from his shining brow. So rapt in bliss,
Stands, oft-times, one of Heav'n's fair cherubim
Before th' Eternal throne, and hears, entranc'd,
Eloa's song sublime. Yet louder rings
The mighty harp; octave on octave mounts!
Thought rises upon thought! In ecstasy

The list'ning cherub shouts, or melts in joy
For which he finds no name. Ithuriel, thus,
In rapture soar'd, unmindful of the eye
Of Hell's stern monarch. Satan view'd his joy,
And felt the Seraph's triumph. As meanwhile
The council Nicodemus left, aside
He turn'd tow'rd Joseph. "What, my friend," he said,
"Wert thou asham'd to own him?" Joseph wept.
Already bitterly had he bewail'd
His mute irresolution, and in tears
Of silent woe, by Nicodemus' side,
Abash'd he walk'd, and cast his streaming eye
Imploringly to Heav'n.

Thick crowded still,
The Sanhedrim, confus'd with troubled looks,
In silence sat; and, stung by guilty fears,
Th' assembly now had been in haste dissolv'd
Had not Iscariot enter'd. Him they knew,
Their hated foe's disciple, and amaz'd
Within their Council Hall they saw him come,
Pass their close-circled ranks, and silently,
With calm determin'd mien, tow'rd Caiaphas

Advance. The Priest receiv'd him, and bent low
His smiling visage to the traitor's words
Who secretly address'd him. Then again
Tow'rd the assembly turning, Caiaphas
Exclaim'd aloud, " Behold, in Israel still
" Are some, who to this new idolatry
" Bend not their knee ! This man, his foll'wer once,
" Will boldly yet maintain the sacred law
" Of our forefathers ! He deserves reward !"
The price was paid ! the traitor now elate,
So to be honour'd of the Elders, leaves
The quick-dissolv'd assembly. To his thought
The gift, indeed, seem'd scanty, yet he hop'd,
When dext'rously his deed he should complete,
Far richer compensation to obtain.
Philo with hatred view'd him, griev'd to see
That one amid the lowest multitude
Would share his honours. Yet with hollow smile
He gave approval and encouragement,
His purpose to fulfil. With earnest gaze
His eye pursued Iscariot's parting steps.
So, with a glance of scorn and triumph, views
The Prince of murderers some exulting chief

Hasting away to battle, o'er whose sight
False dreams of glory rise, while verdant wreaths
Of shining laurel seem already twin'd
Around his victor brow. Sweet in his ear
Already rings the iron field's dull roar;
Unmov'd he hears the warrior's dying groan;
Forgetful that the trumpet's voice shall soon
Call him with them to Judgement! Judas thus,
In golden visions lost, and by the eye
Of the stern Pharisce pursu'd, went out
To seek his Master.

Jesus now had left
Cedron's near shades, and through the vale of palms
Slowly advanc'd. He saw Jerusalem
Before him lie: beheld her Sacred Fane,
(Faint emblem of himself,) his mortal foes
In council gather'd; and among them stand
The earliest Christian. " Peter," he exclaim'd,
" Go thou, and John! Approach the city gates!
" Within the walls a youth shall cross your path
" Bearing a water vessel; follow him,
" And where he stops, say ye, ' The Master asks,

" ' Where is the guest chamber, that I and mine
" ' May eat the Passover?' Then will they show
" An upper chamber, — there prepare the feast."
The two disciples duteously perform'd
Their Lord's command, and found as he had said.

The lamb prepared, Peter impatient sought
The terrac'd roof, and thence with eager eye
Gaz'd on the road of Bethany, to watch
His Master's coming. As his piercing glance
Around he threw, slow passing he beheld
The mother of the Lord, by some few friends
Closely accompanied. Fatigu'd and sad,
In vain to find her Son that day she sought,
In vain had wept the night! Yet sorrow's trace
Disguis'd her not; lowly and pure of heart,
Unconscious of the native dignity
By innocence shed round her, Mary walk'd.
Her friends pursued her steps. There Lazarus
Near her was seen, from death but lately rouz'd
By the Messiah's voice. In certain hope
Of life eternal, his abstracted soul
Soaring to Heav'n, by Mary's side he came.

His downcast eye, with lofty feelings fraught,
Spoke thoughts too deep for language. Silently
On death he mus'd, upon that awful day,
When, th' Eternal Presence call'd, he rose
From earth's low dust before the Saviour's face,
Still with God's terrors trembling. Near him came
His sister, who at the Redeemer's feet,
Devoted auditress, had gladly sat
In peace and innocence, and chosen there
The better part. She now her brother's steps
Silently follow'd. O'er her brow serene
Death spread his palest hue: in her calm eye
She check'd the liquid sorrow whose mute woe
Touch'd every heart. The holy maiden's thoughts
Between her lov'd Nathaniel, by the Lord
Guileless pronounc'd, and saintly Lazarus,
Her half-immortal brother from the grave
So lately call'd, hung vibrating. She felt
Th' approach of death, yet 'twas for Lazarus,
'Twas for Nathaniel's sake alone she mourn'd
The pallid cheek with sorrow marked by all
Her youthful comrades. With her Cidli came,
Daughter of Jairus. Scarce twelve years had flown

O'er her in innocence, when with'ring pale
In life's first blossom, soft and tranquilly,
She slept the sleep of peace. Cidli lay dead
Before her mother's eyes. Then Jesus came,
Wak'd her to life, and gave her once again
To her glad parents' arms. Still bears her face
The traces faint of Heav'n; yet artlessly,
Unconscious of attraction, heeding not
The fresh-blown beauties of her opening youth;
Scarcely aware that in her Heav'n-touched soul
Love could find place, Cidli, now hand in hand
With Lazarus' pale sister, slowly walk'd.
While in the bloom of youth, his scatter'd locks
Curl'd thick, lovely as Jesse's youthful son,
When by the springs of Bethlehem he sat
Entranc'd in inspiration, (though no smile
Like David's curl'd his lip,) young Semida,
Whom the Messiah at the gate of Nain
Call'd from his silent bier, accompanied
The modest Cidli. Raising now her eye,
The mother of the Lord on the high roof
Recogniz'd Peter; who with John in haste
Descended and approach'd her. By her side,

Loveliest of Judah's daughters, her two friends
Gentle and modest stood; while loftily,
As Tabor rears its head mid Israel's hills
And claims pre-eminence, though Sion's top
Smile fair to Heav'n, though Olivet's dark brow
Grac'd by the Saviour's pray'rs majestic rise,
Though great Moriah lift the Temple's weight
(And tremble 'neath her burden) to the sky,
Yet Tabor above all stands glorified
As witness of the Saviour's majesty,
So Mary stood. When she perceiv'd her Son
Came not with his disciples, grief's pale hue
Stole o'er her countenance, while John exclaim'd,
" The Lord has bid us here prepare the feast,
" And slay the paschal lamb. From Bethany
" Soon will he come. Here wait we his approach."

All stood in silence. With affection's ease
On Cidli's arm reclin'd her languid friend,
Sister of Lazarus; young Semida
Drew near but spake not, while his timid eyes
Downward to earth he bent. Well Cidli knew
The anguish of his heart, and while one glance

Sidelong she cast, she mark'd his soul's distress
Beam in his mournful eye, the dignity
Which with etherial beauty seem'd to deck
His suff'ring virtue, and with melting heart
Musing she thought, " Ah noble youth, for me
" Thy life in sorrow is consum'd, thy days
" In sorrow fly! How should thy Cidli prove
" Worthy of love like thine? Fain had I been
" Thine own; fain would I learn from thee to view
" Virtue's fair aspect, pure and beautiful;
" Fain would I love thee, as in time of old
" The daughters of Jerusalem were wont
" To love their lords. Then as a sportive lamb
" Round thee would Cidli stray: as the red rose,
" Whose op'ning petals in the lowly vale
" Spread to the lightsome beam of early day,
" So, 'neath thy fost'ring care, fain would I live,
" Be thine, and love thee ever! But alas,
" Most honour'd mother! why is thy command
" So urgent? Yet in silence I obey
" Thy wiser mandate, where the voice of God
" Intelligibly speaks. I am to him
" For ever consecrated! From the dead

" Have I arisen, and now hold to earth
" By ties too slight to nourish sons for her !
" Oh could'st thou dry thy tears, thou noble youth,
" Could'st thou assuage thy grief, the sight would prove
" My life's best solace, could I view once more
" Thy well-remember'd smile, could I behold
" No tears upon thy cheek but such glad drops
" As frequent fell in happy infancy,
" When swift I fled thy mother's fond caress
" To run to thine !" Thus lost in silent thought
Young Cidli mourn'd, while the unbidden tear
Gush'd from her eye; and Semida beheld
The maiden weep, though close, to hide her grief,
Bashful she drew her veil. Silent he left
Th' assembled group, and while apart he stood,
With eyes bent to the earth, " Why does she weep ?"
He cried: " I can no longer view her tears,
" They rend my heart ! Dear lovely drops, which fill
" With trembling brilliancy her liquid eye !
" Ah, were but one shed for my sake, what peace
" Would fill my soul ! But no ! Still must I mourn !
" My sad existence is but one long thought,
" Only of her ! Oh thou immortal soul,

" Celestial habitant of this frail form,
" The breath of God within me! Answer me,
" While thus I ask? (Weary of tears am I,
" Weary of wasting thus my life in woe —)
" Wherefore when Cidli I behold, or when
" Apart I think of her, why swells my breast
" With thoughts unknown before, exalted, pure,
" Melting in joy? Why wakes her silver voice,
" Her soul-expressive glance, my throbbing heart
" To feelings thus acute, which thronging rise,
" Each pure as innocence, as virtue fair?
" Why o'er my head spreads Woe her sable wings,
" Binding my soul in stupor, while I think
" She loves me not? Oh then, to the dark tomb
" Once open'd to receive me, sad I haste
" And weep aloud! The grave's lone stillness hears
" Thy cry of woe. Oft strive I then to cast
" My sorrow from me; to collect within
" My struggling soul those pow'rs which plainly prove
" Her lofty birth, her immortality.
" ' Awake, celestial spirit!' I exclaim,
" And fain would animate her drooping hopes;
" But inconsolable, in speechless grief,

" Shudd'ring she gazes on her wounds, and weeps !
" Ah, why am I alone unlov'd to live ?
" Why claims my heart the mournful privilege
" Of eminence in grief? What voice is it
" Which, when I would forget her, in my heart
" Still speaks her name? What pow'r divine is that
" Which soft, with harmony inaudible
" To unimpassion'd souls, in whisper'd tone
" Still ever bids me love her ? Yes, I will
" For ever love thee, silent as thou art !
" Oh Cidli, when with vent'rous hope I dare
" Believe thee form'd for me, how tranquil then
" My soul reposes ! What fair scenes of peace
" Open before my sight ! Canst thou be mine ?
" Thou heav'nly maid ! Mine through eternity !
" I ask no shorter period ! For thy sake
" Each virtue's signal watchful have I mark'd,
" Which else unseen had beckon'd me; with care
" The summons have I follow'd. From afar
" The voice of Duty have I heard in tones
" Low whisper'd speak: her calm and noiseless step,
" In heav'nly echo has my ear receiv'd,
" (Unheard by others,) nor receiv'd in vain !

" With lowly heart, and childlike innocence,
" Have I obey'd the call of her soft voice,
" That by no fault I might unworthy prove
" Of thy possession, dearer far to me
" Than all creation offers ! What rich gift
" From God wert thou ! How grateful should I mount,
" Borne on the wings of innocence, tow'rd Him,
" The source of Love, from whom our beings flow !
" As, with a smile of transport, at thy birth
" Thy mother o'er thee hung ; as faint she bent
" In deathlike agony, when from her arms
" Expiring silently she saw thee sink ;
" (She heard not yet th' advancing step, the voice
" Of Israel's Helper !) so, with rapture's thrill
" My soul contemplates the ecstatic hope
" That thou art mine for ever ; so, in woe
" Which knows nor end nor measure, lost in pangs
" Of nameless anguish, torpid as in death,
" My spirit sinks beneath the gloomy fear
" Of losing thee ! Ah then, bereft of all,
" Abandon'd and in solitude, by thee
" Forsaken, should I drag my weary life
" Alone amid creation ! Oh, by all

" Most sacred! By the rising from the dead!
" By that bright immortality which erst
" Had for an instant robed thee in its beams!
" I do conjure thee, fairest Cidli, speak!
" Say, is it possible my bleeding heart
" Can be by thine mistaken? We have been
" Both from the dead arous'd, perhaps no more
" To know mortality, but to a high
" A better life.—Yet hold, aspiring thoughts,
" Ye but increase my flame! Yet can I err
" In loving one with whom that future life
" I sigh to share? With whom, or here, or there,
" My chiefest hope is with more ardent zeal
" The Lord of Heav'n to serve? Alas, e'en now
" His Son, my great Deliv'rer's life is sought,
" And hangs in jeopardy! Yet can I fear
" His death, whose voice awak'd me from the grave!
" How oft already has he not escaped
" The fury of his foes! But I have err'd—
" Oh pardon me, that thus in private woe,
" While perils menace my Deliverer's life,
" I have indulg'd! Oh tear thyself, my soul,
" From selfish grief; aspire, with steady gaze,

" God's yet mysterious purpose to behold !"
As thus he spoke, he left Jerusalem
And sought the solitary rock where erst
His sepulchre was hewn.

But anxious now
The mother of the Lord to John exclaim'd,
" Behold he comes not ! I will meet his steps !
" Then trembling will I throw me at his feet,
" And weep before him. Then will I exclaim,
" Oh, by that joy which fill'd my soul, when loud
" The choral angels sung thy birth, that joy
" Foretaste of Heav'n — but ah, thou turn'st away.
" Then for thy manhood's sake ! the mercy free
" Thou show'st to all ! Oh pity me, and live ?"
She spoke, and hurried forth. Th' Eternal Son
Afar beheld his mother's hast'ning step,
Not with his mortal eye, but with that glance
Which views at once the seraph's loftiest flight,
The worm's dark sojourn burrow'd in the dust,
And inly thought, " Yes, I will pity thee !
" More than a mother pitieth her son
" Will I have mercy on thee, when from death

" I shall arise!" Then turning tow'rd the gates,
He took a diff'rent way.

Evening advanc'd.
Silent was all around. His faithful band
Pursued his steps, and slow they passed the hill
Nam'd Golgatha. Not far, a lonely grave
Lay hewn beneath the rock, where yet no corpse
Had seen corruption. This was Joseph's tomb,
Arimathea's sage, who trusted here
His bones at the last day should rise, nor knew
For whom he built the sepulchre! How great
The temple he prepar'd! what glorious dead
Should there repose! The Saviour by this grave
Now stood, and earnestly beheld the height
Of Golgatha, while silent thus he mus'd:
" Now sinks the burden of the day! The night
" So long desir'd, with slumber-breathing gales,
" Rests o'er Gethsemane! Soon will thy height,
" Oh Golgatha, which now, thus dark in shade,
" Uprears its bulk strewn thick with sinner's bones,
" Again be visible in morning's ray!
" Then as an altar wilt thou stand! Behold

" The willing victim comes ! Soon shall he bleed !
" Yes ! Welcome death for man ! Cloth'd in his form,
" For him will I pour forth my life in blood
" On yonder summit ! Then in this cool grave
" Shall I awhile repose, and taste that death
" To Adam erst decreed, who in the dust
" Reclin'd his head, while o'er his mould'ring bones
" His sons for ages walk'd. They, too, are dead,
" And o'er their bodies, yet in earth, their sons
" Successively have trod. But they shall wake !
" All in the day of triumph shall arise !
" Because I lay my body in the dust,
" Shall theirs, like mine, to endless life be rais'd !
" Then shall all sorrow cease ! Each bitter tear
" From their glad eyes be wip'd ! Then e'en on death
" Triumphant shall they smile ! The blest Elect,
" Radiant in white, shall shout the Victor's name,
" Their Son ! their Brother ! Who can count their host
" In Earth or Heav'n? Thousands on thousands throng,
" And all are mine ! Old things shall pass away,
" And all shall be renew'd in purity !
" But first must Golgatha behold me bleed;

" This sepulchre must be my resting place."
The Saviour hasten'd on. When now he reach'd
The city gate, Judas, who darkly stood
Beneath its shadow, join'd the sacred band
In silence. With dissembled mien he strove
To wear a brow of innocence, though deep
His trait'rous bosom heav'd. With quicken'd step
Jesus and his disciples now advanc'd
To hold his last and solemn festival.
By many a lordly pile, the proud abode
Of sumptuous sinners, silently he pass'd,
And enter'd, unobserv'd, the lowly roof
Of an obscure but righteous man. There round
The board, whereon already lay prepar'd
The expiatory lamb, they all reclin'd
In silence. John, near the Redeemer, took
His wonted place. With countenance serene
Jesus beheld th' assembly; and though grave
And sad his glance, yet peace and blessedness
Its influence shed, to calm their troubled souls.
In faint resemblance so sat Joseph, erst
Amid his brethren, when the first wild tide
Of joy and wonder in subsidence fell;

When 'neath his eye-lids tears were dry; when speech
He had resum'd.

Oh celebrate my song,
The parting words of Him who lov'd so well
His lowly followers! The last discourse
Of sorrowing friendship! Simple flow my verse
Like his pure language, who, on Jesus' breast,
Now spake his artless soul, and after view'd,
In solitary Patmos, visions bright
Of Revelation! Low the Saviour spoke,
And look'd in sorrow round. " With strong desire
" Long have I hop'd to eat this Passover
" With you before I suffer! 'Tis the last
" We shall on earth partake! No more shall I
" Drink with you of the vine's ripe juice, till all
" Shall be accomplish'd!" Jesus paus'd,
And soft in whisper'd tones Lebbaus thus
Address'd Iscariot: " Ah, it is too plain
" He is to die! What else should be the scope
" Of these repeated presages? Oh Death!
" Grief's only resting place! Thou sweet repose

" For the tir'd wanderer! Hear thou my call!
" And when yon Holy One shall bleeding lie,
" Come thou my only solace!" Louder grew
His voice, as thus he spoke, till bursting sobs
His utt'rance chok'd. The Saviour look'd on him,
Then on Iscariot. Turning then around
On all his followers, he gaz'd, with looks
Of grief and pity mingled, while he cried,
" Lo, verily, yes, verily, I say,
" One here among you shall betray my life!"
Mute horror seiz'd their souls. At length each ask'd,
" Lord is it I?"—" One of the twelve it is,"
He calmly answered, one who now with me
" Partakes this dish!" Then while his brow divine
Assum'd the sterner aspect of the Judge,
He thus continued, " True, the Son of Man
" Shall go, as it is written; he shall tread
" His lone mysterious path! But woe to him
" By whom the Son of Man shall be betray'd!"
" It had been good for him had he ne'er breath'd
" The breath of life!" With majesty he spoke.
But thoughts of peace again beam'd from his eye,
Thoughts of redeeming love. Rising, he stood

To institute the mem'ry of his death.
Then did he speak those sacred words, which, oft
By worthless ministers, by thoughtless crowds,
Boldly profan'd, call loudly on their heads
The judgment of destruction! They seek not
His godly life: he hung not on the cross
T' atone for sin unwept and unrenounc'd! —
All now in silence took from him the bread;
The consecrated cup: with lowly hearts,
In mournful stillness each successive came,
And from his hand receiv'd the sacred food.
As John approach'd and view'd the shining cup,
Prone at his Master's feet weeping he fell.
" Let him behold my glory!" Jesus cried,
In words inaudible to man, and lo,
John, rising, saw the room by brilliant ranks
Of seraphim encircled. Mute he stood;
Lost in amaze. Here Gabriel's mighty form
Appear'd majestic! There fair Raphael smil'd,
Bright in angelic radiance, and his arms
Tow'rd John extended! Turning, he beheld
The Saviour's face, and mark'd how in his eye

The Godhead beam'd, and, lost in speechless bliss,
Entranc'd he sunk! But Judas now approach'd,
And cast himself, like John, at Jesus' feet.
" Rise Judas!" cried the Saviour, and held forth
The cup, memorial of his death. With mien
Unmov'd, Iscariot took it. Visibly
The Saviour's troubled spirit in his glance
Broke forth, while, as he gaz'd on Judas, thus
Aloud he spoke: " I know the hearts of all
" Whom I have chosen, and that one now here
" Shall speedily betray me. Ere it come,
" Lo, I have told ye, that ye may believe
" When all shall be fulfil'd! Again I say,
" One here among you shall betray to death
" The Son of Man!" Each on the other look'd,
Doubting of whom he spake. Peter at last
To John made signal, who, with trembling voice,
Soft whisper'd, " Lord, who is it?"—" He it is,"
Jesus replied, " to whom I give this sop!"
The Saviour spoke, and, with an aspect calm,
Gave it to Judas. John beheld the gift,
And deeply trembled. Then Iscariot rush'd
Forth to the street.

The night look'd darkly down:
Her terrors gather'd o'er him. Glaring wild,
His haggard eye he fix'd upon the gloom,
And cried, " He knows it, then ! and now will John,
" That soft-tongued hypocrite, soon spread the tale,
" Soon will the whole band know it ! Be it so !
" These upstart princes first shall learn to fly,
" Ere they shall win their realms ! Perhaps, then John
" May cease to smile: Peter, perhaps, in chains,
" May lose his courage. Jesus, too, himself,
" How stern, how lofty, sounded his command,
" ' Judas arise !' So spoke he not to John,
" His favour'd one ! Indeed to princely ears,
" Commands were grievous ! Ha ! ere kings they reign,
" In fetters will I view them ! But their Lord,
" Will he then fall ? Erroneous thought ! What, he
" Whose voice awakes the dead ! Can he expire ?
" Yield not my quailing heart to coward fear !
" Avaunt, each softer feeling ! Should he die,
" Would not such death bring proof that chance alone
" So oft had favour'd his escape ? If so,
" A visionary dreamer has he been,
" No messenger from God ! Our priests are wise,

" And sanctified to serve the Lord; yet they
" Have ever hated him. By Moses' law
" They act: they place their confidence in me.
" No, he will not expire! But I shall see,
" How, when in fetters bound, he will discourse!
" Perhaps his lov'd disciples' higher worth
" He may forget. He may then deign to cast
" His eye on Judas! But I must away!
" The Rulers of Jerusalem await
" My promis'd coming!" Thus he cried, and swift
To Caiaphas' high palace bent his way.

Without him, now the Saviour's chosen band,
Spotless and pure remain'd. So purified,
Th' assembled righteous circle closer drew,
When, from the grave of Ananias, came
His youthful bearers. No unholy lip
Profan'd their heav'nly concord. Jesus then
Fill'd with his conscious Deity, and near
His mighty work of reconciling love,
In tones of tranquil majesty thus spoke.
" Now shall the Son of Man be glorified,
" And God be glorified in him! As yet

" Ye have me with you, but behold, I go
" Where ye shall see me not! A new command
" I leave with you, that with such love as mine
" Ye love each other. So shall all men know
" That ye are my disciples, if ye love
" As I have loved you!" Peter arose
And eager cried, " Lord, whither goest thou?"
The Saviour answer'd, " Where I go, as yet
" Thou canst not follow me; but thou shalt tread
" My path hereafter!" Peter zealous cried,
" Lord, why e'en now may I not follow thee?
" My life would I lay down!"—" Wouldst thou, indeed,"
The Lord replied, " lay down thy life for me?
" Lo, verily, I tell thee, ere this night
" Shall pass away, thou shalt deny me thrice!"
Standing, the Lord had spoken, but his knee
Now bent in prayer:—his chosen kneel'd around.
" Are ye all here!" The Saviour mournful ask'd.
" Yes, Lord!" they cried. " One voice joins not the sound,
" Are ye all here?" their Lord again exclaim'd:
" Judas is missing!" with a trembling voice
Lebbaus answer'd. The Messiah rais'd
His face to Heav'n, and thus address'd his prayer.

" Father, the hour is come to glorify thy Son,
" That he may also glorify thy name!
" Thou hast bestow'd authority on him
" O'er all the race of flesh, that he may give
" Eternal life to such as own his name.
" Lo, thee have I now glorified on Earth!
" The work thou gavest me I have fulfill'd!
" Now then, oh Father, glorify thy Son
" With that bright splendour which before the worlds,
" With thee, was mine! I have proclaim'd thy name
" To those thou gavest me, and they have kept
" The truths I taught, and have believ'd thy word,
" And known that thou hast sent me. Lo, I pray,
" Father, for them! I pray not for the world,
" But for these chosen ones whom thou on me
" Hast thus bestow'd: for they are mine and thine,
" And I am glorified in them. And now,
" Father, I leave the world, and come to thee!
" Keep them, I pray thee, through thy holy name,
" That they, as We are, may be one! While I
" On earth with them have sojourn'd, I have kept
" All whom thou gavest me: not one is lost,
" Save him, of whom the Scriptures testified,

" Son of Perdition! Now I come to thee;
" And these things have I spoken yet on earth,
" That they may have my joy fulfill'd in them.
" The world hath hated them, because, like me,
" They are no longer of it. I ask not
" That thou should'st take them from the world; I pray
" That from the evil they may be preserv'd.
" Oh sanctify them through thy truth! Thy word
" Is truth! As thou hast sent me to the world,
" So send I them. And neither do I pray
" For them alone, but also for all those
" Who, through their word, shall yet believe in me,
" That they may all be one, as I in Thee,
" And Thou in Me, art One! The glory giv'n
" By thee to me on them have I bestow'd,
" That one, as We are, they may also be.
" The world shall then believe I come from Thee,
" Shall know that as thou lovest me, thy Son,
" Thou lovest also these. Father, I will
" That they, whom thou hast given me, may view
" The glory which with thee I have possess'd,
" Ere the foundations of the earth were laid!
" Oh righteous Father! The world hath not known,

" But I have known, thy name! and these believe
" That thou hast sent me; for I have declar'd,
" And will declare, thy truth, that, in thy love,
" They may rejoice with me!" The Saviour ceas'd.
Slowly he rose, and issuing forth, advanc'd
To meet Jehovah in his wrath! His train
Pursu'd his steps. When Cedron's stream he reach'd,
And heard the mighty breeze sweep through the boughs
Which darkly wav'd above, " Gabriel!" he cried,
" To yonder garden's lone extremity,
" Where, o'er the solitary palms, night's gloom,
" Like mountains gather'd, darkly curtain'd hangs,
" Summon the Angels!" Thus the Saviour spoke,
And hasten'd on a nobler deed to act,
Than, since the birth of Seraphim, since earth
And stars were made, creation's sphere
Amaz'd had witness'd. Silent and serene,
Tow'rd its fulfilment he approach'd: no pomp,
No outward show, no plaudits, to the ear
Of vanity so sweet, the paltry meed
Of earth's frail heroes, children of the dust,
Surrounded the Messiah, while he drew,
Nearer and nearer, tow'rd his Work divine!

# THE MESSIAH.

## CANTO V.

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In awful silence, on his lofty throne,
Jehovah sat. Eloa, at his feet,
Trembling exclaim'd, " How dreadful is thy brow,
" Father Supreme ! How vivid, from thine eye,
" Flash the red beams of judgment ! Hark ! How loud
" The thunders roll below ! One roaring peal
" Scarcely has pass'd; and hark ! another bursts !
" And, lo, the distant murmur of a third
" Already fills mine ear. The stars, which late
" So brightly shone, have faded at thy glance,
" And fled away ! Why hear I now no more
" The music of the spheres ? Ah, far around
" Before thy sight Creation silent lies !
" The Seraphim and Cherubim are still !
" Not one of all their countless myriads now
" Lifts his glad voice to sing th' Eternal Son,
" Not one ! All silent stand. Their faces hid

" In deepest adoration. Mighty God,
" Com'st thou to judge the earth? Lo, on thy brow
" Destruction sits! Thine eye proclaims the Judge!
" Or dost thou now arise Satan's dark realm
" To hurl in ruin? Suddenly to smite
" The proud blasphemer? Sternly com'st thou thus,
" Mid gloom envelop'd, Hell t' annihilate?
" To blot its monarch from the living? Then
" Crush'd 'neath thy wrath, Avenger, shall he lie,
" (Mine eyes shall see him,) while from Heav'n to Hell
" The howls of his despair shall reach! Then loud
" Each passing star triumphantly shall shout,
" ' Behold the Rebel!' Till to make an end
" Thou com'st in flame and whirlwind! Judge Supreme,
" If such be thy decree, oh send me forth
" Against the grisly foe! From these thy storms
" Give me a thousand thunders! Robe me thick
" In blackest night! Arm me with strength divine!
" That rapidly before thee I may chase
" Yon wild blasphemer e'en to Death's dread gate!
" But ah, how terrible art thou, Oh Lord!
" Thy fearful glance with wrathful judgment darts,
" Wrath without mercy! Though through ages past

" My days have run; though centuries had roll'd
" Already o'er my head e'er earth was form'd;
" For not, as their frail life, who quickly bloom,
" Then fade in dust, have been Eloa's years,
" But, blest through countless time, have I beheld
" Thy face, Jehovah; yet have I ne'er seen
" Thy brow so dreadful! Lo, to judgment stern,
" To ruin, thou awak'st. Thy glorious face,
" Where erst shone love alone, with wrath now beams,
" And I, who am but vapour, but an air,
" Breath'd from thy lips, have I, presumptuous thus,
" Dar'd speak to thee? Oh turn not, Lord, on me
" That fearful glance of anger, which, tow'rd earth,
" Wrathful thou dartest, lest in death I sink;
" Lest from the book of life my name should fade;
" Lest I should hold no more my happy place
" Within thy sanctuary!" Eloa ceas'd.
Jehovah slowly from the throne arose;
The throne re-echoing rung. The sacred hill,
The altar of atonement, trembling shook.
Three times the sable veil drew slowly back
Before the sanctuary; the fourth, last, time,

The judgment-throne, e'en to its topmost height,
Heav'd visibly, while down its fearful steps
Jehovah pass'd. As when with sudden glow,
Mid some great festival, Heav'n, kindling, shines
Beneath the Omnipresent glance, her hosts
Spring instant from their seats in shining ranks,
Then ring their golden thrones, their harps resound,
Their glitt'ring crowns loud vibrate at their feet;
So loud, so musical, rang Heav'n's high throne
Now by th' Almighty left, who through the suns
Tow'rd Earth descended. Near the shining sphere
Of these bright orbs a Seraph swiftly flew,
Guiding the recently departed souls
Of those, who, from the distant east, star-led,
Had brought their off'rings to the heav'nly Babe.
With clear and piercing sight upward they gaz'd,
And saw the passing glory of the Lord.
Then glow'd exulting their etherial forms,
Conscious of life eternal, and while far
The Majesty Divine above them soar'd,
The Seraph cried, " Behold your God !" and all
In silence prostrate fell.

Behind, meantime,
Eloa on his shining chariot leap'd:
That fiery car wherein Elijah erst
To Heav'n ascended: visible again,
When upon Dothan's mount its mighty Lord,
Chief of th' angelic squadron, stood in flames
To guard Elisha. High o'er his bright car
Eloa stood: he met the stormy breeze,
Which, with a roar of thousand voices, rushed
Impetuous by. His golden axles rung;
Back stream'd his shining robes, his flowing hair,
Like storm-rent clouds. Calm, in his conscious strength,
The bright immortal stood. In his right hand
He grasp'd a lifted tempest, and as thought
Sublime succeeded thought, from the dread mass
The thunder broke. Thus arm'd, the Seraph flew
Behind th' Omnipotent, still separate,
By such wide interval, as sphere from sphere.
Th' Almighty through the milky path advanc'd,
By angels call'd "Jehovah's Rest;" for there,
When erst Creation was accomplish'd, stood
Its mighty Maker, and beheld his work
In primal sabbath. Nearly now he pass'd

A planet habited by men, of shape
Like ours, but innocent, and free from death.
Their great progenitor, though o'er his head
Unnumber'd years had roll'd, still fresh in strength
And manhood's bloom, stood mid his guiltless sons.
His eye, by dimness still unclouded, view'd
His blest posterity; still liquid roll'd
In tears of joy; with hearing exquisite,
His ear still drank the sound of the glad name
Of "father" by his sons pronounc'd; still heard
The angel's choral songs, the voice of God!
Fair, on his right, his spouse beside him stood,
As when from her Creator's hand she rose.
His eldest son, spotless in innocence,
His father's image, on his left appear'd;
While far around, on gaily smiling hills,
His younger progeny reclining sat,
Their ringlets fair, with budding garlands twin'd,
Their breasts with ardour throbbing to attain
Their father's virtues. E'en the infant tribe,
Who but one spring had seen, their mothers brought
To share the fond caress, the blessing mild,
Of their great ancestor. On them he gaz'd,

Then rais'd his eyes to Heav'n, and sudden saw
The passing glory of the Lord. " Behold,
" My sons," he cried, and bent in rev'rence deep,
" Jehovah our Creator ! But, alas,
" By sable clouds envelop'd ! Oh, withdraw,
" Father Almighty, yon tremendous veil !
" Let not thine eye that dreadful anger speak,
" We dare not look upon ! Ah, who are they
" 'Gainst whom that brow severe, that glance of wrath,
" So awful threatens ? No created race
" By thee belov'd ! Some spirits madly bold
" To dare thy anger ! For, alas, my sons,
" Far from our planet dwells a race of men
" Robb'd of their innocence, the trace divine
" Of their Creator's image, and to death
" Become obnoxious ! Hear ye with amaze
" That those can perish, who for endless life
" By God were form'd ? Their spirits perish not,
" Their bodies only turn again to dust,
" From which they sprung. Robb'd of her beauty then
" Her native purity, the unloos'd soul
" Stands at God's awful bar, and hears a doom,
" Terrific, endless ! Fly tremendous thought !

" By the Creator and the Judge of all
" Alone conceivable ! The body's death
" Excites sufficient horror in our souls !
" Then sinks the closing eye, in stiffness glaz'd,
" And sees no more ! The face of Heav'n and Earth
" Then darkly vanishes ! The suff'rer hears
" No more the voice of Man, the sad laments
" Of weeping friendship ! Scarce his falt'ring tongue
" Feebly articulates the last farewell !
" Cold dews then bathe his brow, with deeper heave
" For breath he strives, his lab'ring heart throbs slow,
" Then ceases, — he is dead ! So in the arms
" Of mothers, who, in agony with them,
" Would fain expire, beloved daughters sink:
" Press'd to his father's heart, the only son
" Thus fades in youth away: the children see
" Their parents thus expire, their stay, the guides
" Of their unpractis'd youth: in deepest woe,
" E'en on her lover's breast, the maiden dies.
" For love celestial, mid a better few,
" Oft like an unsubstantial shade appears,
" Hov'ring amid remains of innocence.
" Not long, alas ! They too expire. In vain

" Her parting smile; her sinking eye's last tear;
" The prayer of anguish which for one short hour
" Fain would implore; in vain the youth's despair,
" While, mute and trembling in his sad embrace,
" He holds her clasp'd!" The father paus'd, for sobs,
Bursting around, now broke upon his ear.
Mothers, with terror pale, embracing, held
Their timid daughters; fathers to their hearts,
Press'd close their sons; each boy clung to the knee
Of his low-stooping parent, and kiss'd off
The tear, which down his manly visage stole;
Sisters and brothers, hand lock'd fast in hand,
Sat pale and speechless; while each anxious youth,
Watch'd tremblingly the quicken'd throb of life,
Which heav'd with faster swell his maiden's breast.
But soon, the father of the spotless race,
His speech resum'd, " Ah, 'gainst yon guilty world,
" Perhaps, Jehovah wrathful thus descends;
" Perhaps too far have they incens'd their Judge,
" And he descends to slay them. Yet to them,
" Almighty Father, hast thou sent thy Son!
" So tell the Seraphim when here they stray!
" So shouts each passing orb! Oh, wilt thou then

" In anger judge them? See! He turns his face,
" And slow tow'rd Earth descends with dreadful brow,
" Each moment more tremendous, more severe!
" Wondrous thy judgments! Thine eternal paths
" Lie dark before us! Holy art thou, Lord,
" Equal in all thy ways! Our deathless race
" From these bright fields adore thee! Mortal Man
" Lifts from the dust his voice to praise thy name!
" The Seraphim, with faces veil'd, around
" Thine everlasting throne in worship fall!"

Here ceas'd the Sire, and follow'd, with his gaze,
The distant majesty of God, which now
Tow'rd earth approach'd. Seraph Eloa view'd
Th' advancing Deity, and awe-struck stood,
High on a cloud-form'd hill, while thus he cried,
" Son of the Father! Oh, how vast thy power
" This judgment to sustain! Behold his face
" Eloa veils before thee! Hail, Mankind!
" Lo, solemnly I greet your favour'd race,
" Soon to be blest for ever!" Thus he spoke,
In tones suppress'd, and bent with out-spread arms,
O'er the still earth. On Tabor's sacred height

The Deity now paus'd, and from the veil
Of midnight clouds wherein, alone, he sat,
Beheld the Earth. He saw her surface spread
With idol-altars; with a sinful race;
He saw how o'er her plains death held his sway,
And testified in vain the unseen Judge.
Each sin, from Earth's creation to her doom,
By blind idolaters, by Abr'am's race,
And, worst and hatefullest, by Christians wrought,
Now trembling mounted to the clouds to meet
The eye of the beholding Judge. Pluck'd up
From rebel hearts, where, buried long in gloom,
They secret lurk'd, now to the face of God
(Branded with marks of everlasting shame)
Trooping they throng'd. The crimes of those whose souls
With talents gifted saw distinct thy form,
Fair Virtue, in thy heavenly beauty rob'd,
But heeded not thy smile; with senses keen
Felt thy soft impulse, but obey'd it not;
Headed the dismal host! In giant shapes,
Nearest th' avenging thunderbolt, they tower'd;
While loud, with piercing voice, before God's face,
Stern Conscience summon'd all, call'd all by name,

E'en those, which, with the self-deceiv'd who spurn
That witness 'twixt themselves and God, abide
Unknown and nameless. Then through all the sky
One universal accusation rose!
Sad, on their quiv'ring wings, the winds of God
Bore the low sighs by suff'ring virtue breath'd,
A lone and melancholy plaint! From far,
Like coming oceans, roll'd the dying groans
From battle's crimson field, and testified
Against the spoiler. Hark! The Martyr's blood
Cries with a voice of thunder through the air,
" Oh thou, who sit'st upon thy fearful throne,
" Poizing thy righteous balances, behold,
" For thy sake was I shed!" Jehovah heard.
Calm he contemplated Himself, the host
Of faithful spirits, the lost race of Man!
With anger he beheld them. But aloft
O'er Tabor pausing, now he staid the earth,
Lest her affrighted dust, through boundless space,
Should fly before him. Tow'rd Eloa, then,
His face he turn'd, and quick the Seraph read
The awful mandate on Jehovah's brow,
And sprung from Tabor's summit to the sky.

So, from the tented Ark, the pillar'd cloud
Ascending soar'd, when Israel's Heav'n-led tribes
From wilderness to wilderness remov'd,
At Moses' bidding.

On a midnight cloud,
Silent, o'er Olivet, Eloa soar'd;
Then rais'd his trump, and from its mighty tube
Blew forth the terrors of the judgment-day;
While loud o'er earth he cried, "By the dread name
"Of him who is Eternal; who maintains
"Justice unbroken, infinite; who holds
"The keys of the abyss; arms Hell with flames;
"Death with resistless power; if there be one
"Who in Man's stead will meet th' approaching doom,
"Let him come forth!" Upward the Saviour gaz'd,
Saw the bright Seraph, heard the trumpet's clang,
And hasten'd tow'rds Gethsemane. His steps,
Through night's dark shades, with silent zeal were trac'd
By three of his disciples; but from them
He now withdrew to deepest solitude.
The judgment had begun.

Oh sacred Muse,
Thou hast indeed conducted me within
The precincts of the Altar, but the veil
Hangs yet undrawn! Had I a prophet's pow'r
T' entrance with rapture Man's immortal soul,
And bear it unresistingly along;
Had I a Seraph's mighty voice, such tones
As loud to God he sings; could from my lips
That fearful trump resound, whose lengthen'd blast
Shook Sinai to its base; could I declare
In thunder-tones the thoughts of cherubim
So lofty that the trumpet's loudest sound
Should fail to utter them; yet must I sink,
Oh mighty Saviour, ere my lips can sing
Thy suff'rings, while in conflict sore with death,
While stern, inexorable, was thy God!
Oh thou, that in a cavern erst didst hide
The prophet who with bold petition pray'd
Jehovah face to face to view, till slow
The Majesty of God before him pass'd,
And from afar the glory he beheld
Of Him who is Eternal, heard the voice
Of God Omnipotent! Spirit Divine,

Oh hear me! Nearer to the grave am I,
Of dust more frail than Moses; hide me then
Darkly secure, beneath thy shad'wy wing,
While, more remotely, in his agony,
I see the Son of God! Bow'd to the earth,
Which, shudd'ring 'neath her Judge, her trembling breast
Heav'd silently, and, with the motion, stirr'd
The dust of Adam's race, the moulder'd bones
Of buried sinners who lay deep within,
Kneel'd the Messiah: his uplifted eyes,
O'er Tabor glancing, nought created saw,
But gaz'd alone upon the Judge. Pallid,
Bath'd in the sweat of death, with hard clench'd hands,
Speechless, o'er-whelm'd with suff'rings! Sharp and strong
As life's last pang, swift as the thoughts of God,
Convulsion on convulsion shook his frame,
Torture on torture throng'd. The bitter woes,
Of death eternal, were sustained by Him
Who was both God and Man. Outstretch'd he lay
In mute endurance. But now fearfulness
To terror rose, the agony more sharp,
Still darker grew the gloom, with louder peal

The trumpet sounded, Tabor 'neath her God
Trembled yet deeper, 'stead of death's cold sweat,
Blood, o'er the face of the pale sufferer,
Ran trickling down! He rais'd him from the ground,
And stretch'd his arms to Heav'n. Tears with his blood
Dropp'd mingling, while in supplicating tone,
Thus to his Judge he spoke, " Father, at length
" The time is come! The earth was form'd. Soon then
" Sunk Adam to the grave: soon was each hour
" Mark'd by the death of sinners! Centuries
" Burden'd by thy dread curse have pass'd away,
" And now the time is come, that chosen hour,
" Decreed ere yet the earth was made, ere yet
" Death and corruption were; lo, it is come!
" Behold mortality's frail garb I wear,
" Born but to die! Oh thou, who lift'st thine arm
" In judgment o'er me, while my earthly frame
" Shudders beneath thy terrors, let this hour
" Of agony pass from me! Father! all
" To thee is possible! Oh let it pass!
" Thou hast already o'er my head pour'd out
" The cup of pain with terror mix'd, and fill'd
" With thy fierce wrath! Alone, forsaken here

" By thee, by Men and Angels, do I stand!
" Father, behold my misery! Alas,
" What, in the garb of Adam's sons, am I?
" Then cease with death's dark shapes to fright my soul;
" Yet not my will, but thine alone be done!
" My wearied eye looks faintly through the gloom,
" And cannot weep; my trembling arm, uprais'd,
" Asks help from Heav'n, — but no! I sink to earth,
" She is but one wide grave! Swift o'er my soul
" Thought upon thought succeeds, and all proclaim
" I am by God forsaken! Ah, that still
" The Father's peace might rest upon the Son!
" Yet, may thy will be done!" The Saviour ceas'd,
And gaz'd in silence through the gloom profound.
Then pass'd before his sight the hideous forms
Of death eternal. He beheld the souls,
Which, reprobate for ever, curse the day
That saw their birth, the Voice, whose pow'rful call
Wak'd them to life! He heard the distant howls
From the hoarse-echoing abyss, whose streams,
Plunging from rock to rock, bore to the deep
Their thund'ring sounds with cries of anguish mix'd.
Soft roll'd the treach'rous rills, which lure the soul,

And offer sleep eternal; but beneath
Arise the shrieks of the deceiv'd. Ah, then,
In one eternal sigh of long despair
Rose mournfully the voice of Man's lost race,
Accusing their Creator of his work,
Cursing their being, and bewailing loud
Their fearful immortality! Their woe
The Saviour felt.

High on a barren rock
Adramelech had long intently gaz'd
Beneath on the Redeemer. From the steep
Sudden he downwards flew, and with stern eye
Glar'd wildly round. Welt'ring in recent blood
A wretch lay near, self-murder'd on the earth.
The screams of his despair, the deep drawn sobs
Of late-returning reason, round the hills
Reverberated sad. Adramelech,
By the wild cry accompanied, advanc'd
To mock the Saviour. From his eye of pride
Shot with'ring glances, while, as in a sea
Of thoughts rebellious tost, nearer he drew
Exulting, ready with loud roar, like that

Of mountain-torrent, or the thunder's blast,
To speak his blasphemy: but tow'rd the fiend
The Saviour turn'd his face, and look'd on him
With that calm aspect which shall judge the world.
The rebel felt whose was the glance, and shrunk
Aghast and trembling back. Check'd in the height
E'en of his proudest thoughts abash'd he stood,
Conscious alone that sense and pow'r were fled.
The rock, the earth, the Saviour, faded fast
From his bewilder'd sight. Scarce strength remain'd
To speed his flight. Meanwhile the Saviour left
The scene of lonely suff'ring, and advanc'd
Tow'rd his disciples, who in slumber lay,
After his solitary agony.
Fain would he view the face of Man, would fain
This passing consolation seek; and now
Man's great Redeemer silently approach'd
His sleeping train. Then loudly shouted Heav'n
To solemnise God's second Sabbath! When
From Earth's last doom He shall return, the third
Will then commence! Eternity itself
Will measure its duration; God the Son
First will proclaim it! Now the holy hours

By Heav'n were solemnis'd; all knew that now
Th' Eternal Priest was in the sanctuary
To offer the atonement. Ages since,
Eloa had proclaim'd, " When hoarse shall ring
" Each thund'ring pole; when like an ocean's voice
" The sphere's wild music loud shall rush along;
" When wand'ring from their course the stars shall roll;
" When terrors sent from God shall shake your frames,
" Your glitt'ring crowns shall drop, your golden thrones
" Shall tott'ring quake beneath ye; then, behold,
" The judgment is begun! In agony
" The Saviour suffers!" Now sang Heav'n's bright host
" Lo, the first hour is past! That holy hour
" Of anguish which shall purchase endless bliss,
" Lo, it is past!" Thus sung the heav'nly choir.
But the Messiah o'er the sleeping band
Now stood in silence, and beheld them sunk
In deep forgetfulness. With thought profound
Still glow'd the brow of James. So peacefully,
With such a serious mien, the Christian sleeps
Whose death approaches. Peter, stretch'd near John,
Reposing lay, but on his lip no smile
Like John's appear'd. The lov'd disciple still

In dreams beheld fair Raphael's brilliant form.
" Simon!" the Saviour cried, " What! sleep'st thou here?
" Could'st thou not watch one hour? Oh, watch and pray,
" Lest, tempted, thou should'st fall! Willing, indeed,
" Thy zealous spirit, but the flesh is weak!"
He paus'd, and look'd on them, — nor them alone
Did he behold, but with omniscient glance
View'd the whole race of Man; that race, who sin,
And die, and from their graves, through Him, shall rise.
Back to the judgment then he turn'd, for all
That race to suffer!

Round the hill's steep side,
Wrapp'd in night's darkest veil, meantime advanc'd
Sad Abbadona, and thus whisp'ring cried,
" Where shall I find him? Must I seek in vain?
" 'Tis true I am unworthy to behold
" Man's great Redeemer; yet his gracious form
" Satan has view'd! Where is the Holy One?
" Through deserts have I stray'd; my trembling feet
" Have borne me through the cool and dark recess
" Of every solitary grove; I've trac'd
" Each streamlet to its source; I have exclaim'd

" To the tall cedars, ' Oh, if ye conceal
" ' The Saviour in your shade, with whispers low
" ' Reveal to me his haunt !' Each lofty rock
" Have I besought, ' Oh, bend your lonely brow
" ' In pity to my tears ! Let me behold
" ' That godlike Man who, on your cloud-wrapp'd height,
" ' Perchance now slumbers !' Sometimes have I deem'd
" His steps, by his Creator's care, were hid
" Beneath eve's dark'ning canopy; sometimes,
" That seeking solitude, and lost in thought,
" He had to earth's remotest cave retir'd.
" But no ! beneath the clouds of Heav'n conceal'd
" Nor in the lap of earth is he ! Alas,
" I may not see thee, thou exalted Man !
" I am not worthy to behold thy smile,
" Thou image of the Deity ! On Man
" It is alone bestow'd ! To rescue him
" Alone thou com'st ! Me, thou redeemest not !
" The bitter cry of my eternal woe,
" Alas, thou hearest not !" Mournful he spoke,
When suddenly before him he beheld
The slumb'ring band. Beauteous in sleep lay John,

And Abbadona, terrified, drew back
His trembling footstep. Scarce in accents faint
Could he exclaim, " If thou art whom I seek,
" That godlike Man, who, to redeem his race,
" Has late appear'd; lo, in thy gracious form
" With tears I greet thee! Ah, with endless tears,
" With sighs of everlasting agony!
" Behold, the light of heav'nly innocence
" Beams o'er thy brow serene! Yes, thou art he!
" While thus I contemplate thy soul's calm peace
" My spirit trembles! Oh, avert thy face,
" Or I must turn and weep!"

As thus he spoke,
Peter, with hurried start awak'ning, cried
" Oh, John, I've seen the Master in my dream!
" With threat'ning look, methought, he gaz'd on me,
" Then sunk his glance to pity!" While he spoke,
Absorb'd in wonder Abbadona stood.
Again the silence of the night prevail'd,
When from afar, through the drear stillness, came
A voice as of one dying. Tow'rds the point
Whence the cry issued, Abbadona bent

His list'ning ear, intent to catch the sound;
And heard it still become more agoniz'd,
More horrible! Pale and amaz'd he stood,
And shudder'd as he thought, "Shall I advance
"And see the Man who with such fearful strength
"Yonder contends with death? Shall I behold
"The blood of murder? Through night's closing shade
"Perhaps he hasten'd with a father's love
"To greet his infant on its mother's breast,
"And, by some lurking foe beset, is slain!
"Yet may his days by virtues have been crown'd,
"By innocence adorn'd! Oh, shall I view
"His dying agonies, his closing eye,
"His cheek's cold ashy paleness? Shall I hear
"His murmur'd groans, the hollow, dreadful, tone
"Of his expiring cry? Tremendous blood!
"Blood of the innocent! Thy voice aloud
"Against me testifies in that dread doom
"Which knows no mercy! Have not I Man's race
"To death seduc'd? Oh cease, thou guiltless blood,
"Through ages shedding, and to shed, oh cease!
"I hear thy voice in tones of thunder shout!
"I hear th' accusing sighs which call to God

" For vengeance on me, for eternal woe !
" Yet must I view perforce your mould'ring bones,
" Children of Adam, with unwilling gaze !
" Conscience, like some fierce warrior's iron grasp,
" Turns my reluctant aspect where the dead,
" My hapless victims, lie in their cold graves
" And see corruption. Mid the silence drear
" Shudd'ring I stand ! Ah, not in silence comes
" He whose avenging wrath against me burns !
" Thund'ring he rides the clouds ! His step a storm ! 540
" His accent death ! The sentence from his lip
" Woe without mercy !" Abbadona paus'd,
And with unwilling step slowly he turn'd
Tow'rds that expiring voice ; and soon afar
The Saviour he beheld ; yet saw he not
His face divine, nor mark'd his bleeding brow,
For on the earth prostrate he lay, his hands
In supplication clasp'd. With cow'ring step
Crept Abbadona near and nearer still ;
When sudden back he started, for, behold, 550
Emerging from deep shade, Gabriel advanc'd
Tow'rd the Messiah ! In his downcast eye
The Heav'nly Seraph check'd the gushing tear

In reverence profound. Thoughtful he stood,
Then o'er the Saviour bent, and with that ear
Which can Jehovah's step myriads of leagues
Afar distinguish, which from Heaven's height
Drinks the soft music of the distant stars,
He heard the Mediator's languid blood
Trill faint from vein to vein. Deep in his breast
He yet more plainly mark'd th' imploring sigh,
The pray'r unspeakable, divine, to God
His Father more acceptable than all
Creation's grateful songs. The Seraph heard,
Witness'd the Saviour's suff'rings, shudd'ring turn'd,
Folded his hands in pray'r, and look'd to Heav'n.
Upwards not yet had Abbadona rais'd
His timid eye; but now as Gabriel's glance
Unconscious he pursued, behold! Heav'n's host,
Rank upon rank, hung o'er him! Every eye
Fix'd as in pray'r, each mute unspoken thought
In one o'erwhelming interest absorbed,
All gaz'd with deep intensity on thee,
Gracious Redeemer! Abbadona's heart
With terror thrill'd, and faintly sunk his eye
Again upon the Saviour, who now rais'd

His bleeding visage from the dust, still wet
With crimson drops, with gelid dews of death.
While the lost Seraph gaz'd, thick darkness stole
O'er his affrighted sight. Speechless and pale
He stood; no utt'rance for his wilder'd thoughts
Yet could he find: at length his bursting sighs
Broke through night's dismal gloom, while thus he cried,
" Oh thou, who yonder dost contend with death,
" Who art thou? Com'st thou from the dust? A son
" Of that dishonour'd earth which bears God's curse,
" And, ripe for judgment, trembling waits the day
" Of dissolution? Com'st thou from her dust?
" Yes! Human is thy form! But majesty
" Divine around it beams! Thy lofty eye
" Speaks higher language than of graves and death!
" Thy brow no sinner wears — no reprobate
" By God rejected could assume thy glance!
" Oh, thou art more than man! In thee lie hid
" Myst'ries to me inscrutable, lab'rinths
" Unfathomably deep. Oh, who art thou?
" Alas! Fly Abbadona! haste away!
" A rapid thought like God's swift thunderbolt
" Shoots through my soul — a wondrous, fearful thought!

" Ha ! trace I not tremendous likeness there ?
" Cease boding terror ! Death eternal, cease
" To shake my shudd'ring soul ! But, yes ! Ah, yes !
" I trace resemblance to the Son of God !
" To him, who erst, borne on the flaming wheels
" Of his red chariot, from Jehovah's throne
" Thund'ring pursued us ! Ruin, hurl'd by him,
" Close fasten'd at our heels. No mercy then
" The Victor knew ; then immortality
" Became a curse ; our life one endless death !
" Then fled pure innocence ; the joys of Heav'n
" Were lost for ever ! Ah, no longer then
" Was God our Father ! Once, but once, I turn'd
" My trembling head behind in wild affright,
" Saw the tremendous Son, caught the dread eye
" Of him who wielded thunder ! High he stood
" Above his burning car ; midnight's deep gloom
" Lay stretch'd beneath his feet ; below was death !
" Omnipotent he came. The merciful
" With ruin arm'd ! Wo, wo, is me ! Ah, then,
" The whirl of his avenging sword, the sound
" Of his swift thunderbolt with deaf'ning din
" Affrighted nature shook ! I saw no more.

" In night my eyes were seal'd; plunging I sunk
" Through storm and whirlwind, through the doleful cries
" Of scar'd creation, fainting in despair;
" Yet was immortal! Lo, I see him now!
" E'en now I view his likeness in the form
" Of yonder man, who, prostrate on the ground,
" Lies there! Is he — ah, can he be the great,
" Th' eternal Son? The Judge of all the earth?
" The promis'd Saviour? Yet, behold his pangs!
" He strives with death! He, who tremendous rode
" High on his flaming car, strives there with death!
" How deep the anguish which now seems to shake
" His tortur'd spirit! On the dust he groans,
" While from his bursting veins a bloody dew
" Slow trickling falls! I, who each pain have felt,
" Who each sad step from grief to wild despair
" Too oft have trod, e'en I, can find no word
" To name his agony! E'en thought must fail
" To reach yon ling'ring torments! Dark afar
" Methinks I see dim visions rise, but veil'd
" In clouds and myst'ry. Has the King of Heav'n,
" Jehovah's Son, the Father's image bright,

" Descended from his throne? Assum'd man's form ?
" Suffers he there for man? For that frail race,
" His mortal brethren, meets he there yon doom?
" Yes! Through my darken'd mem'ry can I trace
" That erst in Heav'n ambiguous words were heard
" Of mystery like this. E'en Satan's tale
" Of serpent-subtlety reluctant prov'd
" Language and deeds miraculous. And see!
" How draw the angels round him! How with hands
" Deep folded, and with lowly looks, they bend
" In adoration's gesture! Nature, too,
" With reverential shudder in this spot
" Proclaims the present God! Oh, if indeed
" For those, thy brethren of the dust, thou meet'st
" This fearful doom — if God's great Son thou art —
" Fly, Abbadona! lest thus trembling here
" He should behold thee, rise in wrath severe,
" And mount his dreadful throne to spurn thee hence!
" But no! Thou look'st not on me! Yet my thoughts
" Lie open to thy sight! Oh, hadst thou deign'd
" For us a Seraph's form to wear; hadst thou,
" On fields of ether stretch'd, thus suff'ring lay,
" As here on dust; hadst thou the judgment borne

" Of thine Almighty Father for our sakes;
" So clasp'd thine hands; so look'd to Heav'n for us;
" Oh, how should I then lift my joyful arms,
" And shout glad hallelujahs to thy name,
" Thou blessed One! Alas, for Adam's race,
" Favour'd of Heav'n, alone thou com'st! May then
" Eternal curses light on their vile heads
" Who thanklessly disown thee! Those whose deeds
" Profane that blood which down yon visage streams,
" For them may it be shed to endless death!
" Then, then, from Hell's dark gates will I ascend
" To God's eternal throne, and with a voice
" Which Heav'n and earth shall shake, will cry aloud,
" ' I am, like man, immortal! What have I,
" ' Oh, what have I then done, that thou alone
" ' Man's sinful race, not mine, should'st thus redeem?
" ' 'Tis true Hell hates thee; but, lo, one remains,
" ' One, lonely one, who hates his Maker not!
" ' One, who unseen has long pour'd forth in vain,
" ' Alas, too long, woe's burning, bitt'rest, tears!
" ' Satiate of being, weary to behold
" ' A sad eternity!' " The lost one spoke,
And, turning, fled.

Now from the earth again
The Saviour rose; again he would behold
The face of man. Then sung the heav'nly host,
" The second hour is past! That holy hour
" Of anguish, which shall purchase endless bliss,
" Lo, it is past!" Thus sung the heav'nly choir.
But from his sleeping train the Saviour turn'd
Anew, and for the third time took his way
To bend as victim before Him who still,
With dreadful arm outstretch'd, his balance poiz'd,
Still the decree of death pronounc'd, still spoke
The doom of earth accurs'd! Heavy and dark
Gather'd the gloom above the Saviour's head,
As agoniz'd he lay. Dread was the night.
So, from each point of Heav'n, portentous clouds
Darkly shall roll on that terrific night,
The last on earth. Lo, day drives fiercely on!
Soon shall the trumpet's clang, the shaking bones,
The rustling fields of resurrection, call
Christ, once himself a corpse, from Heav'n's bright throne
To judge the dead! But now Jehovah's eye,
Fix'd on his Son, beheld eternal death
Trac'd on his pallid brow. At the hill's foot,

Eloa, still as midnight, darkly stood.
His head was wrapp'd in clouds, his thoughtful eye
Cast motionless to earth. " Eloa !" spoke
The voice of God, and swift Eloa rose
Through the thick darkness, and obedient stood
Before the Deity, who spake, " Hast thou
" The suff'rings of th' eternal Son beheld ?
" Go, chaunt his coming triumph ! such glad strain
" As they shall sing, who by these pangs, this blood,
" Shall gain redemption ! Such as Heav'n shall shout
" When, as their monarch, thron'd on God's right hand,
" All shall behold him !" Tremblingly reply'd
The awe-struck Seraph, " Oh, in whose great name
" Shall I to him deliver thy behest ?"
" Call me his Father !" said the Deity.
With deep-adoring look, and folded hands,
Once more the Seraph ventur'd, " Lord," he cried,
" When face to face, bath'd in his blood, and torn
" By death's sharp pangs, I see the Son of God;
" When his extinguish'd glory I behold
" By yon dread doom defaced, and mark how faint
" The Deity now shines, while spent with pain
" Yonder he lies ; shall I not speechless stand ?

" Will not my falt'ring tongue refuse one sound
" Of heav'nly music? Will not terror's shapes,
" Shadows of death, confuse my aching sight?
" And shall I not fall trembling on the dust
" Before his feet? Oh, send me not! Too weak,
" Too frail am I before thy suff'ring Son
" To sing of triumph!" Mild, with gracious tone,
The Father answer'd, " Who, then, high mid Heav'n,
" Thy fiery courage rais'd? Who breath'd thy song
" Triumphal, when the rebel host to Hell
" My thunder hurl'd, when on the storm's fierce wing
" Eloa rode? Go! I will strengthen thee!
" And when before earth's mighty Judge thou stand'st,
" Should terror seize thee, he will teach thy voice,
" Amid fear's trembling tones, to mix the sound
" Of triumph's joyful note!" Th' Almighty ceas'd.

Down from the height of Tabor, with loud roar
Like Jordan's rushing stream, like the wild blast
Before the thunderbolt, Eloa plung'd.
But as o'er Olivet he soar'd, more slow
Became his flight. Borne on the nightly breeze
Low quiv'ring came the tones of mournful pray'r

By the Messiah pour'd, and fear's mute thrill
Th' astonish'd angel shook. But when he saw
The Saviour's face of death; when he beheld
His sinking glance by doom oppress'd; the Son
Forsaken by his God; the Seraph stood
Rooted to earth, his heav'nly radiance gone,
His beauty faded. Like a son of earth,
Not an immortal angel, pale he stood!
But the Redeemer cast one look of pow'r,
One gracious smile upon him; and anew,
Quick at the glance, his radiance glitt'ring stream'd,
Bright glow'd his heav'nly beauty! Up he sprung,
As at th' eternal throne on clouds of gold,
And sung exultingly, "Hail, Son of God!
"Wak'd by thy glance I rise! Oh, blest am I
"Thus to behold, though dimly and afar,
"In thine abasement's deepest, bitt'rest hour,
"The glorious scope of thy redeeming love!
"Dark hangs the veil of myst'ry o'er thy deed;
"Thick sable clouds, the solitude of God,
"O'ercanopy thy thoughts; no mortal eye
"Pierces the gloom! I, I alone, am thus
"Permitted to attain a distant glimpse

" Beyond th' appointed bound of finite sight!
" I, but the product of Jehovah's glance!
" A drop in his creation! Hail, oh hail,
" My natal hour! Hail blest eternity!
" Hail Deity Supreme, Father and Son!
" Yes, while the secret presence of my God
" Thrills o'er my awe-struck soul, entranc'd I taste
" The joys of those who shall from death arise!
" As the Messiah's glance from horror's gloom
" Rous'd me to joy, so shall his voice ere long
" Waken the sons of Adam. Then, with bliss,
" With rapt'rous foretaste of immortal life
" Their frames shall tremble. Then, on Heav'n's bright throne,
" He, who now prostrate in the dust lies there,
" Splendid shall sit; one long tremendous day
" Shall dedicate to judgment; and fulfil
" The covenant, by these mysterious pangs
" Now ratified! Oh, with what ecstasy
" Of new-found life, will thy redeem'd ones see
" Their Saviour on his throne! How will they gaze
" In adoration on those glitt'ring wounds,
" Memorials of thy love, that wond'rous love

" Which hung thee on the cross! How will they shout
" Their joyful hallelujahs! At the sound
" The lengthen'd blast of Death's hoarse trump shall cease;
" No more shall thunders from the throne of God
" Tremendous roll: th' affrighted depths shall bow;
" The heights shall clap their hands before the Judge;
" Th' extinguish'd lustre of the last of days
" Shall melt before eternity; while Thou,
" Son of the Highest, shall thy ransom'd hosts
" Gather around thee, with enraptur'd eyes
" To view thee as thou art! Thus saith thy God!
" He whom the Heav'ns 'Jehovah' name, whom Hell
" Calls 'The Avenger,' who to thee, but now,
" Bade me pronounce him 'Father!'" Bending low
Eloa ceas'd his song. With gracious glance
The Saviour view'd him, then with love intense
Gaz'd upon Tabor.

But the judgment-hour
Darker and darker grew; o'er him was pour'd
Vengeance terrific: mercy was withdrawn!
Prone on the earth he lay, clasp'd his cold hands

In speechless agony. So, in her blood,
Writhes the mute lamb before the altar slain;
So canopied by midnight's darkest gloom,
Soaked in his gore, lay Abel, while his eye,
Closing in death, beheld no father near!
The seraphim who yet had trembling view'd
With half-averted eyes the fearful scene,
Now could no more endure this agony;
No longer on the Saviour could they look;
They felt their nothingness, — they turn'd, and fled!
Gabriel remain'd, veil'd deeply; and with him
Eloa staid, and silent fell to earth,
Hiding his head in clouds. The world stood still!
Jehovah judg'd! Three times th' affrighted earth
Trembling had fled. Three times he staid her flight.
At length, as Conqueror, the Saviour rose
From earth's low dust! Then shouted Heav'n's bright host,
"Lo, the third hour is past! That holy hour
"Of anguish which shall purchase endless bliss,
"Lo, it is past." Thus sung the heav'nly choir,
While to his lofty throne Jehovah rose.

# THE MESSIAH

## CANTO VI.

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As to the dying Christian, o'er whose frame
Death's chilling tremors creep, each moment grows
Of deeper value, while, his heav'nly Judge
Now asks his last obedience, those few steps
Of his departing strength, which yet remain
To close his bright career: he counts the hours,
And crowns them all with acts of fervent love,
Which his beholding God with glorious meed
Soon will reward: so grew each mystic hour
More solemn, more tremendous, dearer priz'd
E'en by Jehovah, as the victim drew
Nearer the altar; as the Son of God
Hasten'd to bleed; to summon from his cross
His new creation; then in death to bow
His blood-stain'd head, veil'd deep in midnight clouds.
Entranc'd Eloa stood. Not so intense
Had been his wonder, when, in early birth

Sudden he sprung exulting into life.
" Gabriel," he cried, " hast thou beheld his pangs?
" I tremble yet! Saw'st thou his agony?
" No Seraph's tongue, no word in Heav'n can speak
" The thoughts which fill my soul. But thou hast view'd
" His bitter anguish! What may yet remain?
" On each dread hour hangs an eternity!"
He ceas'd; and Gabriel cried, " Through ages past
" To scrutinise this myst'ry, to obtain
" But some dark glimpses of this wond'rous scene,
" I've sought in vain! Oh, let us silent stand,
" For all around is holy. Graves indeed
" Surround our feet, but spirits from these tombs,
" Immortal spirits, shall ere long arise.
" May they now sleep in peace! But, ha! Who comes
" With flaming torches through yon murky shade?
" Rebel! Hell sends thee! See the sordid crew!
" Yet He, who form'd earth's smallest particle,
" Heav'n's mightiest orb, Jehovah, reigns supreme,
" And curbs alike the Seraph and the worm!
" But yon apostate. Oh, when Heav'n's loud trump
" Shall wake the sleeping dust which now lies deep
" Beneath these hills, he will not thus come forth!

" Traitor! thou wilt not then to meet thy Judge
" Advance so cheerily!" He ceas'd. The troop,
Approaching fiercely, wav'd their torches high,
While through the leafy lab'rinth's deepest shade,
In busy search dispers'd, eager they rov'd.
Jesus beheld them. That portentous gloom
Which o'er him yet had flung its shadow dark,
Now roll'd away, but ere it pass'd, cold chills
Of shudd'ring horror from its column dropp'd.
One shook the traitor, but, with desp'rate scorn,
The warning he defied, and cried aloud,
" Where shall I find him? His much favour'd troop
" Have seen him, as they say, glitt'ring in clouds
" On Tabor's height! They have not view'd him yet
" Loaded with chains. Thus shall they see him now,
" And shall forget their promis'd realms of joy!
" Why do I shudder? Should night's gentle dew
" Chill the stout frame of man? Soon 'twill be done.
" Then, not as in my dream, will I prepare
" Mansions for me and mine!" He hasten'd on.
As the Redeemer saw the traitor come,
Thus to himself he spoke: " The space is great —
" Distant indeed it is from Heav'n's high throne

" Down to these sinners! Oh thou path of dust
" Which here I tread — I will pursue thy track!
" But thou shalt shine in splendour when these vales
" Give up their dead, and to th' assembled world
" The just decree shall be reveal'd, which brought
" The Son of God thy lowly course to tread!"

Judas led on the troop. The priest's command
Had urged him with a band in arms t' explore
In search of Jesus the adjacent tombs;
When found to bind him, and to bring him straight
Before the Sanhedrim. — Well Judas knew
The hallow'd spot where oft, in nightly prayer,
Pour'd forth for Man's salvation, Jesus watch'd.
The traitor to his troop had signal giv'n,
" Whom ye shall see me kiss, is he." But night
Still cast her pity'ng mantle o'er the wretch,
In mercy still denied that fearful kiss.
Not long; for soon, on the disciples, still
In slumber bound, the gang tumultuous fell.
Then issued forth the Saviour, and in tones
Calm and majestic, ask'd, " Whom do ye seek?"
Waving their flick'ring torches, with loud shouts

They fiercely cried, " Jesus of Nazareth !"
Now drew the rest of his diciples near;
Th' angelic host, who late had fled away,
Again close circling, gaz'd intently down.
With mild tranquillity, as when he bade
The swelling sea be calm, and it obey'd,
Jesus advanc'd, and answer'd, " I am he !"
Th' omnipotence of the eternal Son
Seiz'd the astonish'd group: senseless they sank
Before his voice. Iscariot also fell.
So sink the dead on the red field of war,
And so, midst common carcases, drops one,
The fellest, and the fiercest, when some chief
From the host's centre calmly sends the word
Which deals destruction round. But now the shock
Had pass'd away, and Judas from the earth
Rose slowly; the tremendous hour approach'd
Of his existence, and he seal'd his doom.
High o'er his head, on dark and outstretch'd wing,
Soar'd Death's tremendous Angel, slow, and stern;
While with dissembled looks, but purpose foul,
The traitor kiss'd his Master ! It was done;
And the black deed slunk like a shade to Hell !

" Judas," said the Redeemer, (while he cast
An eye of pity on him,) " with a kiss
" Betray'st thou thus the Son of Man?". He spoke,
And meekly yielded to their chains his hands.
Peter beheld, and, madd'ning at the sight,
Rush'd forth, and smote with well-directed aim
One of the troop: but Jesus with a touch
Heal'd the wide-gaping wound, then mild address'd
His ardent foll'wer: " Peter, cease! Be still!
" Would not my Heav'nly Father to my aid
" Legions of angels send, did I but ask
" His succour? But how thus would be fulfill'd
" The sayings of the Prophets?" Turning then
Tow'rd those who bound him, " Are ye come," cried he,
" As 'gainst a criminal with swords and staves
" To take me? Daily have ye heard me teach
" The paths of Life and Death, and ye have stood
" Around me in the Temple peacefully,
" And laid no hand upon me! But your hour
" Approaches, and the work of darkness draws
" Near its accomplishment!" He ceas'd; and took
The winding path by Cedron's shad'wy stream.

Meanwhile th' assembled Sanhedrim, twixt fear
And hope, vibrating anxiously, now throng'd
Their lofty palace. From the inmost hall
Ran their low whisper'd murmurs to the ear
Of th' awe-struck multitude, who stood below
With troubled looks; some mutt'ring curses, some
Breathing faint praises of the Prophet's name.
In vain the golden lamps, entwin'd in wreaths
Around the marble pillars, o'er their heads
Shed bright effulgence: wrapp'd in deep suspense
None thought of admiration — no one gaz'd.
From priest to priest the anxious whisper pass'd,
" Where are our messengers? Why come they not?
" Have they not follow'd Judas and his troop?
" Or has that dark deceiver also prov'd
" Traitor to us? What if the Nazarene
" With fancied terrors has beguil'd these men
" As once before!" Still thus they spoke, when lo!
A messenger approach'd! His cheek was pale,
Wild stream'd his hair, thick o'er his pallid brow
Hung the cold damps of fear, he wrung his hands
In shudd'ring agitation, while he cried,
" Fathers! we sought and found him by yon brook

" Which winds below the tombs. We felt no thrill
" Of superstitious fear, though o'er our heads
" The darkness thicken'd, and around us yawn'd
" The deep-hewn graves. I, while the troop press'd on
" Stood for a while apart, and soon perceiv'd
" The Prophet whom we sought. Then sudden ran
" A chilling tremour through my frame! The rest,
" Close as he was, beheld him not, but fell
" With furious onset on a sleeping train
" Who near him lay. Then with a pow'rful voice,
" ' Whom do ye seek?' cried he. Our troop replied,
" With angry shouts, ' Jesus of Nazareth!'
" Still trembles my exhausted frame, the tones
" Still vibrate on my ear, in which he cried,
" (As with a voice of death,) ' Lo, I am he!'
" No more he spoke. Down to the earth they fell,
" There they lie dead, and I alone am come
" To tell their fate!" Mute with amaze, and wan,
And motionless, as if the tale of fear
Had wrought them into stone, listen'd the priests
To their pale messenger. Philo alone,
By awe untam'd, in tones of fury cried,
" Thou, wretch, art his disciple! Or the shades

" Of chequer'd night have thus deluded thee!
" Yon open tombs have scar'd thee, and impress'd
" Thy coward soul with images of death!
" What! sayst thou all our messengers lie dead?
" The men whom we dispatch'd are little wont
" To fall before a word. Be sure they live!"
As yet he spoke, another came in haste —
" Oh much have we endur'd! To earth we fell
" Before him, for his eye shot fear, the tones
" Of death peal'd in his voice! But he is bound!
" He stretch'd indeed his own hands to our chains,
" And on we led him, trembling lest anew
" Those fearful tones should sound. But silently
" And calm he walks, and is, ere now, within
" The city gates." Scarce was the tale complete,
When a third messenger arriv'd, and cried,
" Hail, rev'rend fathers! May your foes all meet
" Yon Galilean's fate! Hither in chains
" We lead him. Neither words nor artifice
" Avail him now! His chosen band have all
" Forsaken him; and to your palace-gate
" He now approaches! God into your hand
" Delivers him!"

As here the miscreant paus'd,
Satan, elate with triumph, join'd unseen
The throng'd assembly, and diffus'd around
A hellish joy. It spread through ev'ry breast.
Before their dazzled eyes swam images
Of bleeding wounds and death, and on their ears
Rung an expiring cry. Wild uproar rose:
But yet the prophet came not to their hall,
And, furious by delay, the priests dispatch'd
Fresh messengers: stern Philo led the band.

Meantime the soldiers had their pris'ner led
Tow'rd the High Priest's Tribunal, where appear'd
The hoary Annas, heeding not the chill
Of midnight hours, so bent was he to view
The Man, who had a nation's peace disturb'd.
His Master's steps at distance John pursued.
Sleep from his eyes had flown: in their dim glance,
And on his faded cheek, pale sorrow sat.
Yet, (for he knew that Annas was no fierce
Blood-thirsty tyrant like stern Caiaphas,)
He quell'd the storm of grief within his breast,
Enter'd the Judgment-Hall, and there beheld

Jesus in silence standing, while the Priest
Address'd him thus: " I judge thee not! That task
" To Caiaphas alone must appertain..
" Oh, were thy life as guiltless as the deeds
" Which thou hast wrought are wondrous, Earth's whole race,
" The seed of Abraham, and Abr'am's God,
" Should bless thee!. Speak! What teachest thou? By whom
" Hast thou been follow'd? Dost thou Moses' Law
" Inculcate and obey? I charge thee, speak!"
He ceas'd; and, with an eye of wonder, scann'd
The form of Jesus, who before him stood
In prophet's semblance, with meek majesty
By earthly pride unsullied. In mild tone
Thus answer'd the Redeemer: " I have taught
" Ever before the people publicly
" And in the Temple. Dost thou ask of me?
" Ask those who heard me!" As he spake these words,
Philo with his attendant crew rushed in.
Then uproar wild amid th' assembly rose;
Then, by a base and sacrilegious hand,
A deed of violence was madly wrought.

" Bring yonder rebel," Philo sternly cried,
" To hear his final doom !" and they obey'd.

But when his Master John beheld thus given
To Philo's pow'r, a hue of death o'erspread
His pallid cheek, his eye in darkness swam.
Trembling he stood; his grief-struck heart throbb'd thick.
At length with stagg'ring pace he left the Hall,
And saw afar the waving torches glare
Remote and dim. " Oh shall I follow thee ?"
Weeping he cried, " Alas, how vain my aid !
" I may but pray. Then hear me, oh my God !
" If in thy secret council 'tis decreed
" That he must perish, let me die with him !
" Let me not see his closing eye ! his last
" Departing pang ! Ah, let me not behold,
" Nor hear the last faint blessing from his lip !
" But hold—where am I ? Is there then no help ?
" No one to save on earth, and none in Heav'n ?
" Where are yon Cherubim, who shouted loud
" Their joyful songs at his nativity ?
" Alas ! his virgin-mother thought not then
" Her son for this terrific hour was born !

" Oh thou! to whose omnipotence all look
" For aid in time of need, hear thou my prayer!
" Let him not perish! Teach yon cruel priests
" To feel celestial Mercy's gentle touch!
" I see him now no longer—the last torch
" Fades on my sight. Now are they judging him!
" Oh may their angry spirits be subdued
" By his meek suff'ring virtue! May they once,
" But once, bethink them of that final doom
" Which slow but sure approaches! Who goes there?
" Peter? What! has he heard the sentence pass'd,
" That thus he flies so swiftly? Lo, he stops!
" Who cross'd my path? I hear no footstep now,
" But all around is lonely. E'en the calm
" Of this dread night is horrible. But hark!
" A distant uproar rises.—Oh! to death
" Will they now lead him, lest the morning's dawn
" Might wake a pitying nation to his aid;
" Lest his pure blood sprinkling yon silent stones,
" Or dropping from the sword, might be discerned
" By aught but Angel-eyes! Oh pity me!
" Father of Mercies, look with pity down!
" Let him not perish!" Chok'd by bursting sobs,

These words scarce utt'rance found. With falt'ring step
Slow toward the Sanhedrim he took his way,
There silent stood, conceal'd in night's deep shade.

Before the troop who guarded Jesus reach'd
The Hall of Caiaphas, Philo strode on,
And entered the assembly. Well could they,
From his proud looks of triumph, from his eye
Rolling in fire, perceive that to their Hall
The Lord of Life was coming, and in chains.
They had no time with shouts to testify
Their exultation fierce. Jesus appear'd;
And with bewilder'd looks they gaz'd on him,
As doubting the report of their own eyes
Which vouch'd his presence; while with fiendish joy
And fury mix'd, their frames convulsive shook.
And now he pass'd the marble stairs, and stood
Before the High Priest's throne. No outward sign
Of majesty he wore, but calm his mien,
As if in meditation rapt he sat
By some lone fount, and thought on Heav'n's pure bliss.
Few were the traces of the Deity,
And faint their outline on his mortal brow,

As silent thus he stood. Their angry eyes
Philo and Caiaphas on earth now bent;
Nor yet did either speak, or claim the right
Which rank on one conferr'd, and zeal on both.

Above the Hall a marble gall'ry ran,
To which a winding stair, by scatter'd lamps
Obscurely lighted, narrow entrance gave.
O'er the high balustrade young Portia lean'd,
Pilate the Roman's wife. Fair was her form
And youthful, but her mind out-ran her years.
The fertile flower promis'd noble fruit,
Rich as the mother of the Gracchi bore
To call to virtue Rome's degen'rate sons:
But in the Council of the Holy One
The doom had been pronounc'd that Rome should fall,
And none should save her! Restless with desire
To see the wondrous Prophet, hither now
Had Portia bent her steps, by some few slaves
Alone attended, thoughtless of the pomp
Her rank and sex requir'd; and thus impell'd
By God's o'er-ruling Providence, she stood
Beholding him, at whose command the dead

From their dark graves had risen, now exposed,
Alone, to his insulting enemies;
With no admiring multitude to view
How with unmoved forbearance he sustain'd
The taunts of a perverse and ingrate crowd.
With wonder she beheld him, and rejoic'd
That thus he stood superior to his foes,
Silent and calm, though o'er his head flash'd bright
Death's vengeful sword.

Philo now rais'd his eyes,
And thus aloud the hypocrite exclaimed:
" Draw his chains closer, Guards, and bring him near!
" Yet, ere we judge him, we should lift our hands
" In thanks to God, who thus at length has made
" His purpose known, nor will by silence prove
" His faithful people longer! Hear our prayer!
" Oh may thine enemies all perish thus:
" Unheeded drop, and none remember them,
" Save where the hill, soak'd with their blood, yet reeks,
" Or where their fleshless bones, and whiten'd sculls,
" Its lonely summit strew. We give thee thanks!
" Loud thanks shall at thine altar rise! The hymn

" Of endless Jubilee shall Israel sing !
" Thy doom, Deceiver, is pronounc'd ! Till now
" Has Judah seeing, not perceiv'd, nor hearing, heard ;
" But now th' illusion's past—the dream is o'er.
" We plainly now in chains see him stand there
" Who before Abr'am was ! 'Tis true, indeed,
" The people sometimes cast the iron bands
" Of error from them, and with manly hands
" Gather'd avenging stones to overwhelm
" Yon vile blasphemer's head. But still, again,
" Were they by artifice subdued. 'Tis o'er !
" The time of retribution is at hand !
" Though few are here assembled, yet of those
" Enough will testify against thy crimes,
" Soon as their Pontiff's voice shall bid them speak ;
" But I, I first accuse thee, and I call
" Israel to witness, Earth and Heav'n to judge !
" Thou a blasphemer art ! Thou who hast wept
" The tears of helpless infancy within
" A manger's mean recess, now to thyself
" The pow'r of God assumest ! 'Tis from sleep
" Thy voice alone can call—Death hears thee not !
" Up ! wake thyself ! For soon in Death's last pang

" Shall men behold thee. Call thyself to life!
" Thou can'st not! Thou shalt sleep the iron sleep
" Of those by God rejected! Thou shalt lie
" Amid their carcases where the fierce sun
" And the cold moon the rising vapours drink
" Of mould'ring rottenness, till Golgotha
" Glitter with whit'ning bones! And if there be
" A deeper, sev'nfold, curse, in midnight howl'd
" From yawning graves"—He stopp'd. His swelling lips
Grew stiff as he blasphem'd, and o'er his face
A livid paleness spread; for at the time
When he his fellest curse would utter; when
In vain his struggling conscience urged the fear
Of God upon his soul; before him stood
The Angel of Destruction (formerly
His guardian seraph), and with dreadful eye
Fixed full upon him, the Destroyer spoke.
" Oh that dread curse on thine own head shall fall,
" Horrible man! Behold, I lift mine eye
" Upward to God! I raise my flaming sword
" To Him, the Great Avenger, while I swear
" Destruction to thee! Shall I slay him now,
" Omnipotent? Not yet! But death's dark hour,

" That gloomy hour, with winged feet draws near—
" Soon will it come! Then do I swear to fill
" Thy soul with unknown horrors! Death's fierce hand
" With tenfold strength shall smite thee! Then, uncheer'd,
" By Mercy's faintest ray, shalt thou depart!
" Blasphemer! When thine eyes in darkness close;
" When, with loud shriek, like that which from the walls
" Of sad Gomorra burst, Death calls thee hence,
" And thine expiring spirit struggling sore
" Quits its frail tenement; then first my face,
" In dark Benhinnon's Vale shalt thou behold:
" Till then unseen!". He ceas'd. Thick clouds of wrath
Portentous gather'd on his threat'ning brow.
Approaching vengeance from his flashing eye
Darted in fire. His locks, as midnight black,
Stream'd o'er his shoulders. Like a rock he stood,
Tow'ring and motionless, in act to strike,
But yet he smote not; he diffus'd alone
A thrill of terror: a vibration faint,
As if the voice of death were near, appall'd
The trembling wretch. With that mysterious fear
Which o'er the mortal frame creeps silently,
When near it close unearthly spirits move,

Philo now quiver'd. For the hand of God
Had strook him, and his fainting soul had sunk
Within his breast, and shiv'ring loud betray'd
His inward terror. Yet the few faint words
Which, mutter'd low and inarticulate,
Dropp'd from his lips, were curses on himself
For yielding thus to fear's illusive sway.
And though his bones yet thrill'd beneath the stroke
Of Heaven's anger, like a trampl'd worm
Writhing he rais'd himself, and spoke abrupt.
" What I have pass'd in silence o'er, (for deep
" My soul is mov'd by yon deceiver's crimes,)
" His trial soon will bring to light. Haste, then,
" Ye reverend Fathers, and pronounce his doom !"

He ceas'd. But more and more profound still reign'd
Th' unbroken silence. Portia gaz'd beneath,
And saw the Prophet stand, while his dark foe
With accusation fierce revil'd his name.
Joy brighten'd in her eye, with quicker beat
Her full heart panted, and her lab'ring mind
Teem'd thick with bright exalted images.
Some new and elevating feeling rais'd

Her ardent soul on high. She looked around
With eager eye, to seek amid the crowd
Some nobler spirits, who with her might share
In admiration of the wond'rous Man.
She sought in vain. No kindred soul was there,
Amid a nation who, for judgment ripe,
Soon on the flaming ruins were to stand
Of their demolished Temple, where no more
Jehovah dwelt! One man indeed she saw,
Who, at the spacious Hall's remotest verge,
Before a blazing hearth spread his chill'd hands
Among a menial group, who gaz'd on him
With fierce suspicion; and in angry tones
Appear'd to question him. With bold reply
Awhile he answer'd, but, his courage sunk;
Pale and embarrass'd, gaz'd he wildly round;
Then tow'rd the Prophet. "Ah, behold a friend!"
Portia exclaim'd, "how boldly there he strives
"To save that Holy One; to show yon crowd
"The path of wisdom by his Master trod;
"To tell them of his goodness; of his life
"By virtues crown'd; his deeds in secret wrought
"Of purest mercy! But they heed him not—

" They threaten to arraign him at yon throne
" Of angry judgment. 'Tis that stops his voice:
" He shrinks before the death which they denounce.
" Alas, perhaps, sunk at his feet in tears,
" The mother of yon patient sufferer
" Urg'd him to rescue from impending death
" A lov'd, an only son! How would her heart
" Have sunk in horror, had she heard the words
" Of yon fierce Pharisee! But what is this,
" Which with such strangely overwhelming sway
" Fills my whole soul with int'rest in the fate
" Of yonder stranger? Is it the vain wish
" That he had been my son? That to the earth
" I had presented such a precious gift?
" Oh, happy mother? may thy days in joy,
" In triumph flow, that thou hast such a son!
" And, though his death might to a gazing world
" Lessons of wisdom teach, oh may thine eye
" Be clos'd in darkness ere that hour arrive!"

Now from the Seat of Judgment Caiaphas
Slowly arose. " Though all Judea feel
" The guilty burden on her shoulders laid

" By the dark crimes of him whom now we judge,
" Although throughout the earth 'tis known that he
" Against the great avenging God who dwells
" On high Moriah's mount, against his priests,
" And 'gainst the imperial power of mighty Rome,
" Sway'd by Great Cæsar, has rebellion stirr'd:
" Though Israël with one voice dooms him to death,
" And 'tis not Caiaphas alone who calls
" The sword to do its office, yet will we
" With witnesses examine him, and hear
" His own defence. 'Tis true the midnight hour
" Has lock'd in sleep the eyes of those who best
" Could testify against him; (soon will day
" Break on our favour'd city, and awake
" Our nation to the solemn feast, no more
" By him profan'd;) yet round us though few stand,
" From them sufficient evidence will flow.
" Come ye who love your country! who fulfil
" Her righteous laws! Come! and declare the truth!"
The High Priest paus'd. Then from the crowd advanc'd
A herd of needy witnesses, whose mouths
Philo had fill'd with tutor'd calumnies,
And whose base consciences by gold were bought.

With countenance inflam'd, and eye askance,
One of them cried, " All men have known how oft
" He has profan'd our Temple, but the last
" Worst act of sacrilege was wrought, when late
" He drove the owners of the victims forth.
" To pray'r they had assembl'd; but with rage
" He spurn'd them from the consecrated gates.
" He honours not our God, or could not thus
" Have robb'd his Temple, or have chas'd in scorn
" The victims from his altar." Here he paus'd.
A second then advanc'd, with like deceit
The falsehood to corroborate. " To seize
" Upon the Temple," he exclaim'd, " was then
" His bold design; that gain'd, Jerusalem
" Lay open to assault: but the rude mob,
" Who in the desart had proclaim'd him King,
" Held not their promise, and forsook him here.
" He was constrain'd to quit our walls and fly."
A Levite now approach'd. He strove to wear
Contempt's proud mien while thus he testified.
" Did not yon man blaspheme, when swoll'n with pride
" He claim'd the pow'r to pardon sin? E'en he
" Who on our holy Sabbath pluck'd the corn,

" Who the same sacred day employ'd to heal
" A wither'd hand, e'en he, that criminal,
" Proffers us pardon ! would forgive our sins !"
Now spoke a fourth. With a deriding smile,
And in contemptuous accent, he exclaimed,
" Must I bear witness, Fathers? Can ye need
" Proofs 'gainst a man whose undertakings rest
" On idle dreams? He has been heard to say,
" (While gaping crowds listen'd with wond'ring ears,)
" ' Destroy this Temple, and in three days' time
" ' I will rebuild it !' Such his vain pretence !"
An old man next with testimony false
Disgrac'd his years. " With publicans," he said,
" Of whom I have been one, and sinners vile,
" He has consorted publicly, despised
" The Law of Moses, and profan'd, by cures
" Performed on sinful crowds, the Sabbath day."

Thus testified the witnesses. A gaze
Of eager expectation from all eyes
Was fix'd on Jesus, as in deep suspense
They waited his defence. Thus round the couch
Of some expiring Christian, pale with doubt,

Yet with an air of triumph ill-assur'd,
A knot of sceptics stand: they hold their breath,
Or in light whispers, murmuring, deem that now
His hope of immortality will fade,
And perish with him: but he holds it fast!
The dying saint for them, and for himself,
Pours forth his prayer; and with a placid smile
Looks to his heritage beyond the grave.
Thus gaz'd the Jews on Jesus. But he stood
In silence still before them. Rising rage
Glar'd in the eyes of Caiaphas, while loud
He thus exclaim'd: "Hast thou then nought to say
"To this which these against thee testify?"
But the Redeemer spoke not. Then again
In wrath the fierce priest cried, "I bid thee speak:
"I do adjure thee by the living God:
"Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Most High?"
He said, and stood erect with eye of fire
Looking destruction. With a kindred glance
Satan, above his head, glar'd fiercely down.
Aloft Abaddon, Death's dark angel, soared
With stern and angry brow, and, inly, thought,
"Oh, should he now to that base murderer

" Vouchsafe reply, what mercy infinite !
" But Vengeance soon, in all her terrors clad,
" Which, since deep thunders roll'd from God's high throne,
" Have been prepar'd, will whet her glitt'ring sword !
" Judgment will wake ! The last great day will come !
" Oh thou dark day of death ! Thou solemn day
" Of final separation ! Lo I hail
" Thy awful grandeur ! Loveliest art thou
" Though rob'd in terror, than all former sons
" Of long Eternity ! Thou sacred day
" Of retribution, of impartial doom,
" Of righteous balance ! Then Heav'n's scales shall ring
" In silv'ry tones, while worlds lie poised within !
" I hail thee yet afar, tremendous day !
" Then midst the happy myriads who shall bear
" Unfading palms, will Mercy find her home !
" Then yon ephemeron, yon earthborn wretch,
" Who, lifting from the dust his impious head,
" Swells with vain boast against the Lord of Heav'n,
" And that lost spirit, native of our sky,
" Who his celestial birth so early stain'd

" With foul rebellion, by red thunderbolts
" To ruin shall be hurl'd ! I, therefore, veil
" My visage now, I stand in silence here—
" But Death is in my silence—my repose
" Bodes coming vengeance !" Rapidly these thoughts
Shot through the Angel's soul, as with stern eye
He viewed the Priest, who thus on his own head,
By the reply he sought, damnation drew.
But the Redeemer turn'd tow'rds Heav'n his eye.
With wonder flam'd the Seraphim who saw
That upward glance, beheld how he suppress'd
The Deity within him, and conceal'd
Beneath the tranquil mien of mortal sage
The earth's Creator ! Thus he still defers
The world's last doom, more terrible to prove
From such delay—with patience still he waits
Till rolling centuries shall have fill'd up
The measure of iniquity ! At length
He fix'd his eye on Caiaphas, and spoke,
" I am, that thou hast said ; and thou shalt see
" The Son of Man on the right hand of God
" Seated in human form, and thence descend
" In Heav'n's bright clouds to judge th' assembl'd world !"

Thus He, who at the final day will come
Terrific, more than tone of Death's dark Angel
Pealing in dismal shout through nightly air,
He thus, for one short moment, drew aside
The veil of dread futurity, then clos'd
The fearful scene from our bewilder'd eyes.
The storm of rage in Caiaphas' dark breast
Now swell'd to madness: all restraint he spurn'd:
With countenance inflam'd, and eye on fire,
Forwards he wildly rush'd—Death on his brow
Frown'd menacing—he tore his broider'd robes,
While to the silent crowd fiercely he cried,
" Speak! Ye have heard his blasphemy! What need
" Of farther witness? Ye have heard yourselves!
" He has blasphem'd our God! What think ye? Speak!"
With one loud shout they answer'd, " Let him die!"
Shrill o'er the rest resounded Philo's voice,
" Yes, let him die! My full heart overflows—
" Let him the death of the accursed die,
" On the high cross uprear'd! The ling'ring death
" Of iron wounds! So that his mould'ring bones
" No sepulchre may find, no hill of turf
" May bloom with flow'rs above him! To the sun,

" The burning sun, may his decaying flesh
" Lie full expos'd, and when the voice of God
" Wakes the dry bones, oh may he hear it not!"
Thus cried the wretch who was for ruin ripe;
And by his words inflam'd, the multitude,
To uproar rous'd, now on the Saviour rush'd.

Oh, muse of Heav'n, grant me th' etherial veil,
In which, close wrapp'd, to God's eternal throne
Silent thou soar'st, that deeply I may hide,
Like the surrounding Seraphim, my face!
" Gabriel," Eloa cried, " ah how profound,
" How fathomless this mystery! I view'd
" The birth of yon bright planets; I have seen
" The wonders which each passing century
" Has since disclos'd; yet have I ne'er beheld
" Marvel like this inscrutable decree,
" Which to such deep humiliation brings
" The Son of the Eternal! He who erst
" From Tabor's Mount in thunders gave the Law,
" Jehovah's self! He who by one bright glance
" Rob'd me in splendid immortality!"
" He," Gabriel cried, " before whose awful face

" The dead shall stand, when at his pow'rful call
" The womb of earth once more with teeming throes
" Shall yield her offspring! Then, amid the clang
" Of thund'ring trumpets, mid Heav'n's glitt'ring host,
" Shall He descend to judge the world, while pale
" The sinking stars beneath his step shall fade!"
Again Eloa spoke. " We, Gabriel, saw
" When at his bidding light sprung brightly forth!
" Countless designs revolving, his right hand
" Fill'd with the life of myriads, on he went,
" While mighty winds before his presence rush'd.
" Then roll'd the suns, their poles with music rang!
" Then bright the dazzling plains of Heav'n appear'd."
" Yes," Gabriel cried, " we saw, too, that dread day
" When, far from our fair sky, He fix'd the bounds
" Of everlasting darkness. On the verge
" Of night's dull empire we beheld him stand,
" We heard him call the huge and lifeless mass
" Which lay before him, like the carcass vast
" Of some extinguish'd sun, a sable heap
" Like broken worlds, hundreds on hundreds piled.
" He breath'd forth fire, and quick the lurid flames
" Stream'd o'er the field of death! Then woe began;

" Then lamentations from the drear abyss
" Resounded wild, and Hell before us yawn'd !"

The angels ceas'd. Young Portia could no more
Endure the spectacle of pain beneath;
From her high seat she rose; wrung her pale hands,
Then clasping them in agony she stood
With eyes intently fix'd in earnest gaze
On Heav'n's dark vault above. Conflicting doubts
Harass'd her troubl'd heart, while thus she pray'd:
" Oh thou Great Deity ! above all gods
" Supreme and Chief ! Thou, who hast form'd the world,
" And giv'n to Man a heart to know and feel !
" By whatsoever name thou art address'd,
" The Lord of Hosts ! Jehovah ! Jupiter !
" The God of Romulus, or Abraham !
" Thou art not to one man or nation bound,
" Thou art the Father and the Judge of all !
" Oh hear me then, while I pour out my heart
" In tears before thee ! What has been the crime
" Of yonder peaceful man, that thus his life
" These pitiless barbarians should assail ?
" Can then the sight from thine Olympian throne

" Of suff'ring virtue be so dear to thee?
" To Man it may! From Man the spectacle
" Calls wonder, love, and admiration forth.
" But He, who made the stars, can He admire?
" Oh no! Yet even to the Deity
" Grateful must be the sight; his eye divine
" Else could not calmly contemplate the pangs
" Of yonder innocence! Oh mighty God,
" What glorious meed wilt thou prepare for him!
" While tears of pity roll down my sad cheek,
" His patient virtue thou, approving, seest!
" Reward him then, oh God omnipotent!
" Behold him, and, if possible, admire!"

In fervent pray'r she sunk. Her drooping head
Leant o'er the balustrade, when to her ear
Low-murmur'd accents stole of deep despair
Whisper'd below. The sound was Peter's voice.
Without the gate stood John. He also heard
The voice of lamentation; well he knew
The tone familiar to his ear, and cried,
" Peter! thou weepest! does our Master live?
" Thou answer'st not — I do conjure thee, speak!"

" Leave me alone to die," Peter replied,
In falt'ring accents, " leave me, John, to die!
" Oh he is lost! and I — I am undone!
" Judas, thou false one, thou hast sold his life!
" I have betray'd him too. Before all those
" Who questioned me I have denied his name!
" Wretch that I am! Oh fly me — turn away —
" Let me in solitude expire! Alas!
" He is condemn'd to death, and, traitor-like,
" I have with oaths denied him!" His sad tale
Thus wildly pour'd on John's astonish'd ear,
Peter rush'd forth — but when with hurried step
He gain'd an angle dark, sudden he stopp'd;
He bent his aching head on the cold stone
Now damp with nightly dew, while down his cheek
A flood of bitter tears in silence roll'd.
At length his strong impassion'd heart found vent
In broken words. " Oh cease," he cried, " oh cease,
" With shapes of death, to scare me! Through my soul
" They pierce like sharpen'd swords! Oh turn away,
" In pity turn from me that tort'ring glance
" Which from thine eye beam'd tow'rd me when that deed,

" That dreadful deed of darkness, was fulfill'd!
" Alas! what have I done! My friend! my friend!
" I have denied thee whom I lov'd so well!
" What have I done! Lo, at the Judgment-day,
" Before his true disciples, and the hosts
" Of bright attendant angels, he will not,
" He cannot now acknowledge me! Alas!
" I have deserved it. Yet in mercy turn
" And look upon my grief! What have I done?
" The longer I contemplate the foul deed,
" Death through my frame with deeper horror thrills!
" Oh could I now expire! But no — slow pangs
" Must end my life!" He ceas'd, and wept afresh,
Earning, by true repentance, the relief
Which tears afford. Near him Orion stood,
His guardian Seraph, and beheld his grief
With pity temper'd by angelic joy.
Peter now look'd to Heav'n, and cried aloud,
" Oh thou tremendous Judge! Father of Men,
" Of Angels, and yon Holy One, thy Son!
" To thee my inmost thoughts lie bare — thou seest
" My troubl'd heart! I have with oaths denied
" Jesus, thy child — yet look with mercy down!

" Oh pity me! He is about to die—
" I am not worthy now to die with him;
" But ere to the cold grave he bows his head,
" Ere on his true disciples his last mark
" Of dying love, his blessing, he bestows,
" Ah suffer me to see him! Let him cast
" One glance of pardon on me! I but ask
" For pardon — I am sunk too deep in guilt
" To cry, ' Hast thou no blessing left for me?
" ' None left but for those righteous?' I will go,
" Should'st thou then pardon me, through all the earth
" Proclaiming thee to men! Father of Heav'n!
" Oh grant I may the days which thou shalt give
" Solely to this great purpose dedicate!
" I will seek out the good, the pure in heart,
" The pious of the earth. With tears of grief,
" Which shall incessant flow, I will assert,
" ' I knew him well — I knew him as the best,
" ' The dearest, of mankind. He was the Son
" ' Of the Most High! I knew him — but, alas!
" ' Such knowledge I deserv'd not. Me he call'd
" ' As his disciple, and his chosen band

" ' Shar'd his affection — to return such love
" ' I was unworthy! In his darkest hour
" ' Weakly did I forsake the best of men!
" ' He was indeed of men the best — his life,
" ' Not for himself, but others, he consum'd
" ' In deeds of charity. He fed the poor,
" ' Heal'd the diseas'd, and from the sepulchre
" ' Call'd forth the corpse to life. For acts like these
" ' His ruthless enemies led him to death! 810
" ' Come ye who hear me! Let us to his grave
" ' Go forth and weep!' Alas, too fearful thought,
" Where will it be? Jesus, thou Holy One?
" Where wilt thou sleep in silence — if indeed
" Yon murderers allow thee the repose
" Of a lone grave!" Thus plaintive wail'd the man,
Who in his words sinn'd deeply, by his deeds
Retriev'd his crime, and gain'd the Martyr's Crown!

# THE MESSIAH.

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## CANTO VII.

## CANTO VII.

HIGH mid the purple blush of rising day
Eloa stood, and from his mighty harp
Such tones the Seraph drew, as shall resound
From Resurrection's shouting theatre!
Earth's heav'nly guardians gather'd round, while thus
Eloa sung: "Hail, awful day! Oh come,
"Great day of sacrifice! We greet thy dawn;
"Thy name is Mercy! Hark, the distant stars
"Bless thy approach; each sun repeats the call;
"The planets shout reply. Hail beauteous day,
"Lovely, yet awful, crimson'd with the blood
"For Man's atonement shed; Love bids thee dawn!
"Swell loud my harp! Earth's fragile sons this day
"Exalts to angel rank. Eternal peace
"Its triumphs bring. Behold I lift mine eye;
"Lo, yonder hill of earth the altar forms,
"And trembles at her Victim's near approach!
"Yes, had Jehovah heap'd yon glitt'ring stars

" Like pebbles from the brook, and bade the pile
" Assume an altar's form, the mighty mass
" Still must have shudder'd as the Victim came.
" I gaze around — how bright the radiant suns
" Smile on their planets, while with lucid train
" They sweep through boundless ether ! Oh thou day
" Of solemn festival, thou sabbath-day
" Of the Eternal Father and the Son !
" I hear the harps of Heav'n's blest myriads ring
" With tones of jubilee. The Seraphim
" Cast down their crowns. Creation's whole expanse
" In solemn pause her Sabbath celebrates.
" Oh deed of wonder, age on age had roll'd
" Ere thine effulgence, e'en by angel eye
" Remotely might be pierc'd ! God only knew
" That his Eternal Son should bow in death."
Thus sung the mighty Seraph, and through Heav'n
His strain re-echoed: but on earth, meantime,
Far diff'rent were the musings of that crew
Who, blind with sin, and burden'd deep with guilt,
Still sat assembled. God permitted them
To fill their measure of iniquity.

Withdrawn together to their inmost hall
The priests held secret council to conspire
Against th' Eternal. Long since had they doom'd
Their victim to the death, but how to gain
The people to their side; how to corrupt
Pilate, the judge; and by what mode of death
Jesus should die, now form'd their dark debate.
" At Golgotha, extended on the cross,
" He shall expire," at length they cried. Meantime,
Disdaining to await the slow result
Of such deliberation, Philo rose,
And sought the outer hall. There near the hearth,
Whose dying embers cast a fitful beam,
By guards surrounded, the Messiah stood.
With death-denouncing gesture to and fro
Before him Philo strode: his scowling eye,
Full on the Saviour fix'd in gaze intense,
Sparkled with vengeance; yet, though fury burn'd
Within his breast, he fail'd not to revolve
With cool and prudent caution the dark train
Of obstacles which he must yet o'erthrow
To gain his purpose. All that eloquence,
That bold resolve, that sacerdotal rank,

Could give in aid, he now prepar'd to use.
Once, as he scann'd in thought the people's pow'r,
He inly trembled; but again he steel'd
His stubborn heart to perish or succeed.
Once, the atrocious deed he purpos'd rose
In all its horror o'er his aching sight;
But stifling speedily the warning voice
Of his accusing conscience, he arrang'd
A web of artifice, frail as the toil
Of the light gossamer, had God but breath'd
Upon its flimsy texture, and return'd
With eager haste to the assembled priests.
" Fathers !" he cried, " why do we linger here?
" Dawns not the day, and shall her closing eve
" Find him in life?" Rous'd by his scornful tone
Unanimous they rose, and Israel's priests,
Elders, and Pharisees, tumultuous throng'd
To lead to Pilate's bar the Son of God.

Cold breath'd the morning air, and dimly rose
The Temple's pinnacles from dusky shade
Slowly emerging. As the Saviour pass'd
The sacred Fane, whose altar soon no more

Should reek with figurative blood, yet shed
In type of his, a moment's space he gaz'd,
Then rais'd his eye to Heav'n. Still forward press'd
The eager crowd, now swell'd to multitudes;
For wide already had swift rumour spread
The night's dark history. Some, from the rest,
The priests dispatch'd before, their near approach
T' announce to Pilate, who, amaz'd, beheld
All Judah thus advancing to accuse
One solitary pris'ner. On they press'd,
And with their thick'ning numbers throng'd the steps
Before the gate of Gabbatha; for there
The Roman seat of judgment was prepar'd,
That none that sacred day might be compell'd
Defilement to contract in Gentile courts.
Proud and severe sat Pilate on his throne,
Skilfully masking his degen'rate soul,
Effeminate and sensual, 'neath the show
Of Roman gravity. Sternly he spoke.
" What crime find Israel's elders in the man
" Thus captive led? Comes Caiaphas himself
" To bring the charge?" In haughty tone he spoke,
Nor scarcely deign'd one hasty glance on those

Whom he address'd, but keenly fix'd his eye
In steady gaze on Jesus. Caiaphas
Advancing thus replied. " Deem we not right
" That Pilate knows us well, nor can believe
" That Israel's elders would advance to plead
" Aught 'gainst the innocent? Roman, yon man
" Stands at thy bar a darker criminal
" Than all who yet before thee have been led.
" Israel's grave elders to detail his crimes
" Are wisely loth. Hard were indeed the task
" His manifold transgressions of our law
" Here to explain; to tell how 'gainst our fane
" He has rebellion rear'd; how with false words,
" With magic wiles, our people's simple hearts
" He has seduc'd. Pilate, his crimes for death
" Have long been ripe!"—" Judge then his cause yourselves,"
The Roman interrupting cried with scorn,
" According to your law!" The priest replied,
" Roman, too well thou know'st we have no pow'r
" Death to inflict on any:" and he paus'd,
Unwilling to betray by word or glance
The wrath which in his bosom boil'd, and thus

With their lost freedom Pilate taunted him;
But soon continued: — " Well thou also know'st
" With what obedience, what unshaken faith,
" We bow to Rome's great Cæsar. Yonder man,
" Whom here we bring before thee, has of late
" Drawn thousands round him in the wilderness:
" There with o'erwhelming eloquence he urg'd
" His crowded hearers to cast off the yoke
" Of mighty Cæsar, and to wreathe his brow
" With Judah's royal diadem. ' Behold !'
" They heard him cry, ' I am that Holy One
" ' Announc'd by all your prophets ! I am he,
" ' Your promis'd Saviour !' Nor were these vain boasts
" His only artifice. To win the hearts
" Of his deluded followers, he regal'd
" Their hungry appetites with banquets spread
" Before them in the desert. What success
" Attended these attempts I need not tell;
" His public entry in Jerusalem
" Gave ample proof! Why should I here describe
" The pomp of his procession, the loud shouts,
" The profanations of that day? E'en thou,
" Pilate, thyself wert witness! In thine ears

" Rung the hosannas, the triumphal notes,
" The shouts of an exulting multitude,
" Whose pealing voices shook thy palace walls !"

The high priest paus'd: but a contemptuous smile
Wreath'd Pilate's lip. Then Philo calmly spoke.
" Could I believe yon false one's specious mien
" Of meek composure might deceive thine eye,
" And tempt thee to consider him too mild,
" Too gentle, for an enterprize so bold,
" I should not, noble Roman, silence break.
" But deep, I know, thy practis'd eye can pierce
" The hearts of men. Yon Jesus, who with mien
" So inoffensive stands, now that in chains
" Our nation leads him to thy bar, wore not
" So still an aspect, when amid the wilds
" Of Galilee he stood with his fierce crew
" Thickly surrounded. Mark, while I detail
" The outlines of his project. First he drew
" The multitude around him with the arts
" Describ'd by Caiaphas; then gradually
" To ascertain the influence he desir'd
" On which he built his pow'r: and to his wish

" Th' experiment succeeded. No more now
" Were arts of magic, or persuasive speech,
" Or bold presumption needful. With one voice
" The mob proclaim'd him king, and thronging close
" Press'd with loud shouts around him. He beheld
" Their zeal, and craftily withdrew, to raise
" Impatience higher. Right he judg'd: his host
" Pursued his steps, and still their numbers swell'd
" As they advanc'd. When formidable thus
" He saw his followers, no more he sought
" Concealment's shade: bold, with triumphal pomp,
" Jerusalem he enter'd. But, though vast
" The herd he led, none ventur'd yet to force
" Judea's elders as their king to hail
" Th' advancing chief. Had any dar'd attempt
" Such task of peril, Pilate, thou hadst seen
" All these grey heads, which now around thy throne
" So peaceful stand, these ministers select
" Of God's great Temple, drench'd in their own blood,
" For Cæsar fall!"

He ceas'd. The Saviour stood
In thoughtful silence. O'er his spirit press'd

The pangs of his atoning task; while Death,
E'en in its direst form, now beckon'd him,
And pointed to the altar. The fierce troop,
Who rag'd around, were but the instruments
Of his great sacrifice: he mark'd them not!
So heeds the patriot chief, whose word directs
The bloody conflict that shall soon avenge
Upon a haughty foe his country's tears,
The driving dust which clouds the struggling field.
Proud Roman as he was, Pilate beheld,
With admiration and amazement mix'd,
The silent Saviour; and at length exclaim'd,
"Thou hear'st the accusations which these bring;
"Answer'st thou nothing? But perhaps thou shunn'st
"Before yon multitude to plead thy cause?
"Then follow me!" He said, and led the way
Within his palace-gate.

Now 'mid the priests
Stole falt'ring Doubt, and stamp'd their blanching cheeks
With Fear's pale signet. Meantime tow'rd the crowd
Advanc'd a guiltier wretch, that traitor vile,
The dark betrayer of his Master's life.

When to the bar of Death he found the priests
Had led the Holy One, with hasty pace
He rush'd to Gabbatha, but there in vain,
So closely press'd the furious mob, he strove
To force a passage. Foil'd, he then return'd
And sought the Temple. Here had Caiaphas
Station'd a band of priests to guard the fane
Should uproar rise. This Judas knew, and soon
He reach'd the lofty Temple's pillar'd halls,
And cross'd her silent aisles. When first his eye
Caught the mysterious folds which darkly hung
Before the Sanctuary, sudden he turn'd,
Pale grew his cheek, with fear's cold thrill he shook,
While to the priests he cried, (remorse and rage
Sharp'ning his voice,) " There, take your silver back !"
And hurl'd it at their feet. " The blood of him
" I have betray'd is blood of innocence !
" Now on my head it falls !" He spoke, and roll'd
His glaring eyes ; 'then from the face of man
Frantic he flew, nor stopp'd till far without
Jerusalem's high walls he stood. There first
He paus'd, again rush'd swiftly on, then stopp'd,
And gaz'd around in wild affright, to see

If eye of man were there. When he beheld
The place's loneliness, and found his ear
No longer caught the city's distant hum,
He there resolv'd to die. " No," he exclaim'd,
" This woe, this deep, unutterable woe,
" Can never after death pierce my sad soul
" With sharper pangs than now ! Ye torments rage
" While yet ye may ! When these faint eyelids close,
" When to these deafen'd ears all sounds are dumb,
" No more shall I behold his blood, — no more
" Will his expiring voice ring on mine ear !
" On Horeb God proclaim'd, ' Thou shalt not kill !'
" But he is not my God ; — I have no God !
" Despair, be thou my sole divinity !
" And hark, to death thou bid'st me. I obey !
" Die, then, thou lost one ! Can I tremble still ?
" Still with life struggle ere I part with it ?
" Traitor as I have been, shall I then live,
" Branded with everlasting shame ? Oh no !
" Before me, like a yawning grave, the black,
" The hideous thought engulphs my soul,
" I have betray'd him. Lo, I die. Stay not,
" My struggling soul, to waste in pining woe,

" But perish too! Oh vital spark, which stirs,
" As if with immortality, within
" My heaving breast, take from my lips thy fate —
" To dark annihilation I devote
" Thee and myself!" With fearful shriek these words
Burst from his lips: his haggard eye-balls glar'd
Fearfully round, while with Despair's wild tones
Blasphemous imprecations 'gainst Heav'n's God
Horribly mingled. His departing steps
Ithuriel and Obaddon had pursued
Invisible, and while Iscariot stood
Invoking woe with gestures wild and fierce,
Ithuriel cried, " Behold, the traitor goes,
" Self-doom'd, to death! I was his guardian once,
" Therefore thus far I've follow'd him. To thee
" And vengeance I assign him now; — to thee,
" Angel of Death, I solemnly bequeath
" His guilty spirit! See, he yonder goes,
" Self-offer'd victim! Take him, lead him forth
" To that eternal doom, God's awful charge
" To thee committed. Lo, I veil my face,
" And turn me from the sight!" He spoke and fled.

And now Iscariot, on the hill's steep side,
Chose out a place of death; Obaddon saw,
And, soaring to the topmost height, there stood,
Rais'd his right arm, and wav'd his flaming sword
Aloft tow'rds Heav'n, while he pronounc'd these words,
Which, when man fills his guilt's dark measure up
By self-destruction, the Avenger speaks:
" By the Eternal's great and fearful name,
" Death, I adjure thee! Take yon son of earth!
" His blood be on himself! Day's lightsome beam
" He for himself extinguishes. Behold,
" Both life and death lay open to his choice,
" And he has chosen death! Sun, quench thy rays!
" Come, grisly Death! Yawn deep, thou hollow grave!
" Seize him, Corruption! Lo, on his own head
" His blood shall fall!" As some lone traveller,
Lost in the solitary forest's gloom,
Benighted and amaz'd, hears from afar
A low unearthly moan, the whirlwind's voice
Which sweeps the cedars from the distant hills;
So caught Iscariot's ear the Angel's words,
And with Despair's wild phrensy he exclaim'd,
" Too well I know the sound of thy dread voice,

" Thou art the dead Messiah's cry! Thou com'st
" To seek me, and require thy blood! Behold,
" Here, here I am!" Stiff glar'd his haggard eye.
He slew himself. Even Obaddon sprung
With horror back, as stretch'd in death he fell.
Three times th' affrighted soul, sore struggling, heav'd
Ere ceas'd his heart to throb; with the fourth gasp
Triumphant Death, from the expiring corse,
Resistless drove her. O'er the fearful spot
She hover'd yet. Life's subtle principle,
The spring of our existence, undissolv'd
By Death itself, from the pale corse escap'd,
And, quick as thought, enveloping the soul,
Cloth'd her anew with an aërial shape,
That she, with clearer eye, might see th' abyss,
Might hear with finer, more affrighted, ear,
The thunders of her Judge. Yet 'twas a form
Uncouth and shapeless, weak, to pain alone
Susceptible, hideous to human sight.
Now, from Death's stupor rous'd, reflection wak'd.
" What," thought the Spirit, " am I, have I been?
" How lightly hang I hov'ring in the air!
" What thus surrounds me? No corporeal frame,

" And yet, methinks, a shape! How dark my sight!
" Who am I? Ah, terrific grow my thoughts,
" Woe, endless woe, is mine! Yes, am I not
" Judas who died? And what is that bright form
" On yonder hill, whose splendour to my sight
" Each moment grows more dreadful? Who is he?
" Oh that my eyes in darkness still were seal'd!
" But clearer see they yet, and clearer still,
" Fearfully clear! Fly, Judas, from his sight,
" It is the world's great Judge! Alas, 'tis vain,
" I cannot fly. See there my hideous corpse!"
Close o'er the spot low cow'ring Judas hung.
" Rise from the ground!" Obaddon on the hill
Cried with commanding shout: " Grovel not there!
" I am not earth's great Judge; I am but one
" Who do his bidding. Minister of Death,
" Obaddon is my name. Now hear thy doom.
" Eternal death be thine! Thou hast betray'd
" The Saviour of the world; thou hast rebell'd
" Against Jehovah, and destroy'd thyself.
" Therefore He says, whose right hand holds the scale,
" Whose left grasps Death, 'There is no weight to poise,
" 'No numbers to compute, the throng of woes

" ' Which on the traitor's head shall multiply !
" ' First let him view, suspended on the cross,
" ' The bleeding Saviour ! Let him next afar
" ' Behold the blissful mansions of the just !
" ' Then cast him into Hell !" ' Obaddon ceas'd.
Blacker with fear the trembling spectre grew,
And follow'd the dread angel's rapid flight.

Meantime, within the Roman's lofty hall,
The Saviour stood, whom Pilate question'd thus:
" Art thou the King of Judah, as thou say'st?"
A mild but serious glance the Saviour cast
On Pilate, and replied: " Were I a prince
" Of this world, where ye reign, my servants then
" Would fight for my deliv'rance: but no king
" Of earth am I !" The Roman quick replied,
" Thou art a king then?" Jesus cried, " I am.
" For this end was I born into the world,
" To teach the truth to man. He who receives
" And loves the truth will listen to my voice."
With that incredulous smile which curls the lip
Of worldlings, when Religion's sacred words
Drop on their ears, but enter not their hearts,

Pilate exclaim'd, " What meanest thou by truth?"
Then, waiting no reply, abruptly rose,
And hastily rejoin'd th' assembled crowd.
There to the priests he cried, " I find no fault
" Deserving death in this your prisoner:
" But ye have said, he is of Galilee,
" And there, ye all affirm, these troubles rose.
" Conduct him, then, to Herod, for to him
" This judgment appertains. He in your law
" Is better vers'd than I, and this man's cause
" Hangs rather on such subtilties, I deem,
" Than on rebellion's charge." Thus Pilate bade.

Meantime, arisen from a sleepless couch,
The mother of our Lord, by day's first dawn,
Came to Jerusalem. To find her Son
She sought the Temple, but she sought in vain.
While anxiously she linger'd, on her ear
A distant murmur stole of cries confus'd,
Which from the Roman palace seem'd to rise.
Thither she bent her steps, led by the sound,
Unconscious of its cause; and soon she reach'd
A thick'ning mob, which from all quarters throng'd

Tow'rd Pilate's hall. Dejectedly she walk'd,
Though yet without suspicion of the cause
Of such commotion, and at length approach'd
The judgment-seat of Pilate. Here she saw
Lebbaus stand, but as her eye met his
He turn'd and fled. " Why does he shun me thus,
" Why fly from my approach ?" amaz'd she said.
The sword which was ordain'd to pierce her heart,
By God's mysterious will, now sudden touch'd
With its keen point her soul, as thus she mus'd.
She look'd around her, and beheld her Son !
Her guardian angel, when he saw how pale
The hue of death o'er her maternal cheek
Spread suddenly, when he beheld her eye
Fix in mute agony, turn'd from the sight
His pitying face. But now the filmy cloud
Pass'd from her eyes, no more her dizzy ears
Vibrating rung : with gather'd strength she press'd
Nearer the throne ; again she saw her Son,
Beheld his powerful accusers stand,
Saw the presiding Roman, heard the cries
Of the infuriate mob, who shouted wild
For death. What should she do? Where should she look

For mercy, or for aid? She gaz'd around,
But mercy was not there! She look'd to Heav'n,
But God was silent! From her bleeding heart
Pray'r burst at length. " Oh Thou, who didst announce
" By a seraphic messenger his birth!
" Who erst in Beth'lem's vale gave me my Son,
" Filling my soul with ecstasy ne'er felt
" By earthly mother, such as Heav'n's bright host,
" When with glad hymn they hail'd his natal hour,
" Still left unsung! Oh Thou, who the sad pray'r
" Of Samuel's mother heard, when sunk in tears
" She wept before thee! God of mercy, hear!
" Behold the anguish of my heart, the pangs
" Which rend my soul! Lo, thou hast made the hosts
" Of heav'n and earth, and hast bestow'd on man
" Tears to pour forth before thee, when in woe
" He cries to thee for aid! Oh hear me, then!
" Hear me, and save my Son!" Sobbing, she ceas'd.
The rush of the increasing multitude
Drove her aside; no longer might she see
Her Son's lov'd form. With effort she withdrew
From the tumultuous throng, then gaz'd around
In search of the disciples, but in vain.

Closer she drew her veil, and wept apart
In speechless woe. At length she raîs'd her eyes,
And found that by the private gate she stood
Of Pilate's sumptuous palace. " Here," she cried,
" Oh here, within these gates, humanity
" Perhaps may yet be found! Perhaps these walls,
" This proud abode of riot and excess,
" May yet contain a mother, whose soft breast
" Maternal love may know! Oh were it true,
" What is of Portia said, that her heart owns
" The touch of tender pity! Oh ye choir,
" Who with angelic strains to greet his birth
" Round his low cradle sung, were it but true!"
She threw her veil aside, and mounting quick
The marble stair, pac'd the deserted hall
With solitary step; till from a range
Of distant pillars, whose retreating line
Led to the hall of judgment, she beheld,
In Roman garb, a female form advance.
Pale was the youthful Roman, her loose hair
Unbound wav'd o'er her shoulders, her light robe
Flow'd round her limbs, which thrill'd, as if in awe,
While before Mary suddenly she stopp'd;

For, both in mien and gesture, though by grief
Now sore defac'd, an innate majesty
Beam'd from the mother of the Holy One,
Seen and recognis'd e'en by angel eyes.
At length the Roman spoke, " Say, who art thou?
" Sorrow so dignified before this hour
" I ne'er beheld!"—" If thy responsive soul
" Feel the soft pity, whose benignant trace
" Dwells on thy brow," Mary exclaim'd, " oh haste!
" Lead me to Portia!" With increas'd surprise
The youthful Roman cried, in accents sweet,
" Lo, I am Portia!"—" Then is the desire,
" The secret wish fulfill'd," Mary replied,
" Which prompted me to hope that such as thee
" I might find Portia! Art thou she indeed?
" Oh, though thou may'st not fully share the woes
" Which rend a mother's breast, who to a race
" By thee abhorr'd belongs, yet e'en the voice
" Of Jewish women oft is heard to speak
" Of thy soft mercy! Portia, yonder man,
" Whom Pilate judges, he has done no ill!
" Tyrants alone accuse him of a fault!
" I am his mother!" Thus while Mary spoke,

Silent with awe and wonder Portia gaz'd;
Her soul, entranc'd in lofty thought, soar'd high
Above compassion's tears. " He is thy son !"
At length she cried, " Oh happy, happy thou,
" The mother of that Blessed One !" She said,
And rais'd to Heav'n her wonder-beaming eyes,
Then cried, " She is his mother ! Oh thou high,
" Supreme Divinity, thou who by dreams
" Hast taught me ! Lo, I call thee now no more
" Jove, or Apollo, but, whate'er thy name,
" Thou, only thou, it is, who thus hast sent
" The mother of yon man, (if man he be,)
" Greater than sons of earth ! Comes she for aid ?
" Can she ask help of me ? Ah, rather lead
" Me to thy godlike Son, that he may draw
" From doubt and darkness my bewilder'd mind,
" May cast one pitying look on me, and show
" The path to life and light !" Young Portia ceas'd,
And turn'd again tow'rd Mary, who exclaim'd,
" How is thy soul disturb'd ! With softest love
" Thine eye beams on me ! True, I was, indeed,
" The happiest once of happy mothers ; none
" Could love as I did ! But, I pray, call not

" On thy divinities; they cannot aid!
" Thou may'st help more than they; and yet, should God,
" In his mysterious Providence, decree
" That he shall die, e'en thou canst bring no aid.
" But on that day when Pilate shall be call'd
" Before Heav'n's awful bar, he will appear
" More gladly there, if he have kept his soul
" Unspotted from the blood of innocence!"
" Oh, what shall I first say?" the Roman cried,
" What last express? My throbbing heart o'erflows!
" But I would first console thee. I will help
" If there is help in me! And now, believe
" I call not on those empty deities
" Of whom thou speakest. By an awful dream,
" From which but now I rise, I have been taught
" T' invoke a better Pow'r: to him I pray'd.
" Oh, 'twas an awful dream, tremendous, such
" As ne'er before my slumbers visited!
" I should have aided thee, e'en hadst thou not
" Thus sought my help; for with resistless voice
" My vision spoke for thee: but fearfully
" It ended, and I understood it not!
" Startled I woke, and found my brow still cold

" With drops of fear. I rose, and hasten'd forth,
" Eager once more to view that Holy One,
" Who yonder stands accus'd: and lo, Heav'n sends
" His mother here!" The Roman paus'd. A sign
Brought to her side a female slave, who watch'd
Her steps at distance. She had giv'n command
Thus to be follow'd, when to cross the halls
She left her chamber, and th' obedient slave
Now at her signal came. " Go," she exclaim'd,
" Hasten to Pilate; tell him, Portia says,
" He whom thou judgest is a righteous man,
" A just, a holy one. Condémn him not,
" Pilate, I charge thee! Lo, I have beheld
" Terrific visions in my sleep this night
" Because of him!" Swiftly the slave withdrew,
And Portia thus continued. " Calm thy grief,
" Thou weeping mother? Come, for I meantime
" Will lead thee, where no more the angry din
" Of yon fierce multitude shall wound thine ear;
" And while the rising sun mounts o'er the sky,
" I will relate what in my sleep this night
" Mysteriously I learn'd." She led the way,
And reach'd the palace gardens. On the earth,

The fair and noble heathen bent her eyes,
Engross'd in thought, pond'ring the mystic dream
Her guardian angel to her couch had brought,
And still, within her waking memory trac'd,
Touching, with light vibration, each fine string,
Each tender chord, of her responsive heart,
Till her whole soul with fire celestial glow'd.
Sudden she turn'd, and cried, " Thou ne'er hast known
" Or honour'd Socrates, yet when his name
" I do but speak, my thrilling soul exults !
" A splendid life of virtue, by a death
" More glorious still, he crown'd. The noble sage,
" Ever have I ador'd, — and, lo, last night
" I saw him in a dream. ' Behold,' he cried,
" ' I thy soul's idol, Socrates, am come
" ' From the wide realms which lie beyond the grave !
" ' Oh ws hip me no more ! The Deity
" ' Is not what we (I in stern wisdom's school,
" ' Thou at our altars,) have imagin'd him.
" ' But to develope his high attributes
" ' I am not now permitted. I may lead
" ' Thy progress only to the lowest step,
" ' The precincts of his Temple. In these days,

" ' When upon earth the most momentous deed
" ' Approaches its fulfilment, some pure guide
" ' With higher inspiration, may conduct
" ' Thy steps within the Sanctuary. This much,
" ' At least, I may disclose. No more of pain
" ' Has Socrates to suffer. The bright fields
" ' Of our Elysium, the infernal Judge,
" ' The streams of Tartarus, were but the tales
" ' Of erring fiction. Yet there *is* a judge,
" ' There *are* more brilliant suns than those we feign'd !
" ' Lo, every action in the scale is weigh'd,
" ' Each deed is reckon'd, — and they all fall short.
" ' How shrinks the pride of virtue then ! How flies
" ' The balance in the air ! Some have reward ;
" ' Most are forgiv'n. I have pardon gain'd.
" ' Oh Portia, there on yonder side the tomb,
" ' How far is it from what we dream'd ! There Rome,
" ' Thy mighty Rome, is but a little hill
" ' Of busy ants. One tear of mercy there
" ' Is worth a world. Oh strive then such to shed !
" ' Lo, at this hour, the world of spirits hail,
" ' With adoration deep, some mystery
" ' I fain would fathom, but its folds obscure

" ' I cannot pierce! The greatest of mankind
" ' (If man he be) is now about to bear
" ' More bitter anguish, than may be endur'd
" ' By sons of earth; is offering up to God
" ' Perfect obedience, and accomplishing
" ' All virtue: and for man is this perform'd!
" ' Thou hast beheld him, Portia! Even now,
" ' He stands at Pilate's bar! Should he be slain,
" ' Ne'er spoke the blood of innocence so loud,
" ' As his from the dark sepulchre will cry!'
" The shade here paus'd, and melting into air,
" ' Look!' it exclaim'd. I turn'd me, and beheld
" A plain of heaving graves. Black heavy clouds
" Hung o'er the field, but soon the sable veil,
" From top to bottom rent, disparting show'd
" The highest heav'n, and through the lucid chasm
" Behold, a man bestain'd with blood arose!
" Then, from the opening graves a countless host
" Stretch'd forth their longing arms, and eager gaz'd
" On Him, the bleeding One, who trod the clouds.
" Some bled like Him; and while the thirsty Earth
" Drank the warm gore, she trembled! I beheld
" Their suff'rings; but with dignity they bore

" Their transient pains. Oh, they were better men
" Than those around us ! But a furious storm
" Suddenly rose, and sweeping o'er the plain,
" Wrapp'd it in utter darkness, — and I woke !"
She stopp'd. So starts our shrinking Fancy back,
When tow'rd eternity's dread verge too near
Her venturous foot has press'd. With thoughtful brow,
" Portia," cried Mary, " thy dark vision's scope
" I apprehend not fully : yet with awe
" I look on thee. Oh yes, thou wilt ere long,
" By better inspiration led, attain
" The inmost sanctuary. Meantime, would I
" This only say. The God, who these fair heavens
" Created with the same facility
" As yon green sapling, He, who hath on man
" Bestow'd a life of toil, of transient joys,
" Of pains as fleeting, that the higher worth
" Of his enduring soul he might perceive,
" And feel that immortality for him
" Waited beyond the grave; one God supreme,
" One only God is he ! His mighty name
" Jehovah ! Earth's creator and her judge !
" By Adam, first of men, and Adam's sons

" He was ador'd: then Abr'am worshipp'd him
" (The father of our nation); but the rites
" By which we serve him are obscure and dark,
" E'en to our wisest men. Yet God himself
" Prescrib'd our sacred types, he will in time
" Disclose their purport. Nay, already ripe,
" The moment of developement appears.
" Jesus, the wond'rous Prophet, by strange signs,
" By eloquence divine, asserts his pow'r.
" Oh, with what rev'rence, with what nameless joy,
" What fear and wonder do I call him Son!
" That I should bear him, give to him the name
" Of Jesus, and that he should save his race,
" By a celestial spirit was announc'd.
" Angels, we call such visitants: they too,
" Like us, are creatures; but the idol gods
" Of Greece, or mighty Rome, if e'er they liv'd,
" Were mortal men! When I brought forth my Son,
" Jesus, the Babe of Wonder, joyful hosts
" Of these celestial spirits sung his birth!"
As Mary spoke, the youthful Roman sank
Before her on the earth, rais'd her fair hands,
And strove, with timid, hesitating lip,

To name Jehovah; — but the sacred word
Died on her falt'ring tongue. She rose, and bent
A mournful gaze on Mary, while she cried,
" He shall not die!" — " Alas! he must, he will!"
The mother answer'd: " On my grief-worn heart
" Long has this sorrow press'd. He has himself
" Declar'd it, Portia! Yes, of all the dark,
" Impenetrable mysteries, which hang
" Around his steps, this one appears to me,
" And to his few, but faithful, followers,
" The most inscrutable. He is resolv'd to die!
" Oh, at this thought, the wound which rends my soul
" Bleeds forth afresh! Converse with thee of God
" Sooth'd me awhile, but at this piercing thought
" Again my spirit shudders! May our God,
" The God of Abr'am, bless thee! But avert
" That tearful eye; in vain wouldst thou console
" My woe-struck heart! He is resolv'd to die;
" And he will perish!" Faint her accents fell,
And silent, with averted looks, both stood.
At length the Roman cried, in feeble tones,
" Come, thou afflicted one, let us, at least,
" Together weep o'er his untimely grave!"

While thus they commun'd, Caiaphas had led,
The Son of God, by crowds accompanied,
To Herod's court; where speedily a cry
Ran through the royal palace, to announce
That Jesus, Galilee's great prophet, came
From Pilate sent. Herod, in haste, then call'd
His courtiers round him, and, in pomp array'd,
Mounted his throne. "This day," he cried aloud,
"Shall clear our doubts. Ye all have heard what Fame
"Has widely rumour'd of this Man. He heals,
"'Tis said, diseases with a word; calls forth
"The dead to life; and yet, as pris'ner here,
"He yields himself. I am, like you, amaz'd."
He said, but spoke not all the impious thoughts
Which swell'd his haughty breast. "What then," he mus'd,
"The greatest of our prophets shall to me,
"As judge, bow down his head? At my command
"He shall perform his miracles? but no;
"I credit not such tales! Yet should his art
"Produce but seeming wonders, 'twill be still
"My voice which miracles obey; if not,
"Mine is the triumph still, while here I sit

" The judge of one, to whom Jerusalem
" Shouted hosannas, while, as he advanc'd,
" Beneath his feet victorious palms were flung!"

While such were Herod's thoughts, with echoing steps
The spacious hall resounded. Mid the press
Of gath'ring numbers, tow'rd the palace gate
The Saviour now advanc'd. Thousands rush'd on
To view him nearer, and, in turn, were driv'n,
By fresh arriving multitudes, to yield.
Loud roar'd the mob, in huge unsteady mass
Backward and forward reeling. Some with shouts
Of fury rent the air, — some curs'd, — some wept.
Amid their raging voices Jesus pass'd,
With that enduring patience which alone
The Saviour of the world might feel. He saw
Those who were his scatter'd apart: he knew
How, o'er their souls, the Heavenly Comforter
Ere long should consolation, joy, and peace,
Benignly shed. E'en now the tears of joy
Which from their eyes should drop were number'd all,
But yet they shed them not! Mournful they stood
Among the people, striving sore to gain,

By pressing near their Master, some last sign,
Some token of his blessing. But the mob,
Ever increasing, drove them from his side,
Baffling their oft renew'd attempts. Afar,
With sorrow-streaming eye, and heavy heart,
Repentant Peter stood. Lebbaus, John,
Nathaniel, nearer press'd. The seventy there
In scatter'd groups were seen, and 'mid the crowd
Some of the women, who with duteous zeal
The Saviour's steps attended. Magdalen,
And Mary, mother of the Zebedees.
But Lazarus' pale sister, stood not there,
She on a dying pallet now was stretch'd.
No more could Magdalen her bursting grief
From speech restrain. One near her she beheld
Whose eyes, in blindness seal'd, the Saviour's touch
Had lately open'd, and to him she cried,
" Oh, by that hour when to thy wond'ring sight,
" He gave the cheerful sun, lend me thine aid!
" Help me through yon wild mob, that once again
" I may behold and bless him! See, his foes
" Lead him to death!" Alas! she urg'd in vain
Her grateful hearer, for no single arm

Might pierce the crowd! Then Peter turn'd aside
In hopeless grief. John, from a rising ground,
Saw his lov'd Master, and in fervent prayer
Pour'd forth his soul. Faintly Lebbaus cried
To Mary, mother of the Zebedees,
Who, in deep anguish, veil'd her weeping face,
" Oh look to Heav'n, and smile! For art not thou
" A happy mother? Ah, where'er I turn
" The thought of her, the Mother of that just,
" That holy, righteous Person, rises dim
" In mournful vision o'er my aching sight!
" Too well I feel her agony, — too well
" My sorrowing spirit shares her speechless woe!
" Angel of Death, ah let her not behold
" Her Son's expiring pang!" Lebbaus ceas'd.

Meantime the Judge of earth, in Herod's hall,
At length appear'd, and, by the boist'rous crowd,
Before the throne was led. With wond'ring eye
Herod beheld him: though his impious breast
With pride yet swell'd, awe-struck and mute he gaz'd
On the Redeemer. Such calm majesty,
Such mild endurance, by the haughty king

Was all unlook'd for, and amaz'd he sat,
His eyes in silence on the Saviour bent.
Pride check'd at length his wonder, and he spoke:
" Prophet, thy miracles, by all extoll'd,
" At last have reach'd my ear! But Fame is wont
" Oftimes to magnify reports, as oft
" Unjustly she depreciates, seldom deeds
" Just as they are relating. Show me, then,
" Those vaunted pow'rs, which may perchance claim more
" Than rumour spoke of praise. I will not doubt
" That acts, like those describ'd, thou hast perform'd;
" I ask but to behold and to admire!
" If before Abr'am (as 'tis said) thou wert,
" Far greater, more sublime must be thy pow'r
" Than Moses or the prophets e'er could claim;
" And it were worthy of thee to display
" Thy might by deeds so supereminent
" As should exalt thy name above them all.
" Delay not for a choice! I will point out
" Trials of wonder such as suit thy fame.
" See yonder, where Moriah's mount its bulk
" Heaves to the sky! Behold its lofty pile,
" The temple's shining pinnacles! Bid them,

" Prostrate before thee, bow their duteous heads!
" Lo, in their sacred vaults lie David's bones!
" How would the pious king rejoice to see
" His fair Jerusalem! With what amaze
" Should we look on him! Prophet, let thy voice
" Command the monarch's corse to quit the grave
" And tread our streets in life! Wilt thou not speak?
" Bid Jordan leave his banks, and rushing pour
" His foaming billows round our city walls.
" Lav'd by his stream, Jerusalem's high towers
" Might scorn assault. Or bid the city mount
" Yon rugged hill, and from its lofty brow
" Look down exulting! In the ample shade
" Mute with amazement shall we stand and gaze!
" Still art thou silent?" Herod said, nor knew
To whom he spoke; knew not that Olivet,
That he himself, proud monarch as he was,
Were in the eyes of Him, whom madly thus
He tempted, but as grains of rising dust
Beneath his feet. Again the king exclaim'd,
" What, speak'st thou not?" A glance of majesty
Beam'd from the Saviour's eye, as silently
He look'd on Herod. That fierce prince beheld

The silent glance, and deem'd that it convey'd
Scorn of his pow'r. Burning with wrath he rose,
While Caiaphas, who mark'd his anger mount,
Seiz'd the propitious moment, and exclaim'd,
" Now, Prince, thou may'st behold yon prophet's pow'r!
" Lo, he stands dumb before thee! Think'st thou now
" He can indeed perform those miracles,
" Believ'd so readily by wond'ring crowds,
" Weakly believ'd, I fear, till now, by some
" Of Israel's Sanhedrim? Think'st thou, can one
" Who 'gainst our Covenant, 'gainst Moses' Law,
" With lying wonders stirs our people up,
" Can such a one be sent from God? be arm'd
" With pow'r miraculous? It cannot be!
" The profanation of our law; Sinai
" In smoking clouds envelop'd; the whole mount
" Trembling at God's dread presence; the loud storm;
" The voice of Heav'n's trumpet! These, all these,
" By Caiaphas himself should be aveng'd.
" But, Herod, there is more! He would be king!
" He drew the nation round him, and with shouts
" Deluded Israel hail'd him, as his band
" Enter'd Jerusalem. They scatter'd palms,

" They strew'd his path with their own robes, and cried,
" ' Hosanna, to the Son of David's line!
" ' Hosanna to the highest!' Sion's hill,
" Moriah's lofty temple, echoed back
" Their loud rejoicings! ' See!' they cried, ' he comes!
" ' In the Lord's name he comes! Hosannas raise!
" ' Strew palms before the blessed One of God!
" ' Hosanna in the highest!' By the bones
" Of royal David, by the sacred vaults
" Whose silence these appalling shouts disturb'd,
" By thy illustrious father, whose dead corse
" Reposes there, Herod, on thee I call,
" This deeper profanation to avenge!"
Though with dark hatred Philo's breast still burn'd
Against the Sadducee, yet smil'd he now
Approval on him. Loud, in bitter scorn,
Thus Herod bade: " Clothe yonder King with robes,
" White as the vest by Roman candidates
" For rank and honours worn! Pilate well knows
" How to distinguish merit, and will add
" To his hosannas and his palms, the cloak

" Of royal purple and the diadem !"
He spoke, and turn'd away.

Th' obedient guards
Cloth'd the Messiah in th' appointed garb
With taunts reviling him. Their king's command
Then sent him back to Pilate. Gath'ring crowds,
Who from all quarters, to their solemn feast,
Now pour'd into the city, swell'd the throng
To countless numbers. Through Jerusalem
The noisy rush of a whole nation's tread
Deeply re-echoed. Philo keenly watch'd
The growing multitudes, but trembled not.
So views the practis'd sailor the approach
Of ocean's crested waves, secure in skill,
Buoyant to ride the billows. He discern'd
Division midst the people: saw that some
Honour'd their Saviour — yet he trembled not.
Ambition swell'd his heart, and bore it high
O'er every obstacle. Around him stood
A circle of adherents, Pharisees,
Prompt to obey his word. He whisper'd low,
And swift among the crowd, by separate paths,

His emissaries mingled. Venom thus
From poison's goblet, by fell hatred mix'd,
Infectious flows; thus each distilling drop
Conveys a sep'rate death. Then through the mob
Many-tongued orators were heard t' exert
Their practis'd eloquence, in varied forms
Of priestly menace, or persuasive wile.
" What, can ye still believe his boasted pow'r?
" Heard ye not Herod task his art in vain?
" Nought could he do! Ye saw how mute he stood.
" Have Israel's elders e'er believ'd in him?
" Cursed be he, who thus blaspheming speaks
" Of holy Abraham; whose life profanes
" Our sacred law! See, Caiaphas himself
" Is his accuser! Think ye, God would thus
" Abandon one whom he from Heav'n had sent?
" Yet, see ye not, God has forsaken him?
" Behold, in chains, he stands! Yon heathen judge
" Soon will pronounce his doom. Oh, ask not then
" For his release. Let his blind worshippers
" Sue for him to the Roman. Sin it were
" For you to join them; you, the holy race,
" For whom the Temple rears its glittering dome,

" For whom alone the sacrificial flames
" Rise from our altar. Hark, to you, e'en now,
" The ashes of our prophets cry! To you
" The bones of Abr'am, our great ancestor,
" Call loud for vengeance!"

Urg'd by words like these
Thousands on thousands yielded. Few were there
Who hesitated still: yet fewer they,
The firm and faithful. So, when forests sink
Before the hurricane, and prostrate strew
The mountain's ridgy side, with firmer root
Some cedars lift their solitary heads
Unshaken, mid the dark and troubled sky.
Pilate, meantime, to favour Jesus, caus'd
A noted pris'ner, of whose evil deeds
Fame loudly had reported, to be brought
In secret to the hall: and when the mob
To Gabbatha return'd, high o'er their heads
Behold the prisoner! His fiery eye
Shot side-long glances through th' approaching crowd;
He check'd his panting breath; rage, not remorse,
Curv'd his athletic neck, as bending low

He foam'd with wrath, while round his sturdy limbs
The fetters clashing rung. On his right hand
Pilate now plac'd the Saviour of the world.
The murderer contemplated the man
Who thus in white appear'd. He knew that one
Must quickly die, and while the thrilling doubt
Ran through his soul like fire, his heart throbb'd high
In visible pulsation. On the left
He stood conspicuous. Pilate, tow'rd the right
Stretch'd forth his hand, and spoke. "Behold, ye bring
"This man before me, charging him as one
"Who stirs rebellion up throughout the land.
"But I have heard, and find no guilt in him,
"No, nor yet Herod. Therefore, not to death
"Will I condemn him: but to grace your feast
"As I must loose one pris'ner, take ye him,
"Scourge him, and let him go! What, hear ye not
"The voice of reason? Choose ye then, yourselves,
"Which of these twain shall I release to you,
"Barabbas, or this Jesus, whom ye call
"The Lord's anointed?" While the Roman spoke
A female slave approach'd, and to his ear
Whisper'd her message. "Portia says," she cried,

" He, whom thou judgest, is a righteous man,
" A just, a holy one! Condemn him not,
" Pilate, I charge thee! Lo, I have beheld
" Terrific visions in my sleep this night
" Because of him!' Swiftly the slave withdrew.
No voice now broke the silence: still and mute
The people stood, and e'en o'er Philo's soul
A thrill of terror stole; for, here and there,
His emissaries whisper'd, some hearts still
Clang to the rebel's cause. Then sudden rose
A faint and melancholy sound, the voice
Of those, the former lame, the dumb, the blind,
The dead, or dying, who, afar dispers'd,
From the mob's utmost skirts pronounc'd the name
Of Jesus, the compassionate, the good!
But soon the uproar of the nearer mob
Bore down the feeble clamour. Thus the storm
Which bellows through the forest, drowns the cry
Of the forsaken infant, — thus fade deeds
Of lowly virtue from the beacon glare
Of lofty ostentation. Philo mark'd
The threat'ning peril; well the purpose knew
For which, in contrast, Pilate thus display'd

The Saviour and Barabbas: but elate,
In pride of eloquence, with haughty mien
He turn'd him from the Roman, and advanc'd
T' address the multitude. With mingled scorn,
And wrath, from his high throne Pilate look'd down,
While Philo with a sign the clamour still'd,
And thus to his admiring hearers spoke.
" Ye men of Israel, but with few brief words
" I now address you, for ye know me well!
" Ye know that I detest the man whose scorn
" Can point at Moses; that I curse his name
" Whose life (whate'er his specious tongue may speak)
" Profanes our law. By such incitement stirr'd,
" I lay before you liberty or death!
" Lo, yonder Jesus and Barabbas stand,
" And ye must choose between them! We all know
" Barabbas is a murderer, and well
" The Roman knows it also. Aim'd he not
" To move you in compassion to demand
" Release for Jesus, who with specious brow
" The guise of innocency there assumes,
" Not now before you would Barabbas stand.
" But the designs of Pilate seek I not

" Farther to penetrate. We are not free!
" The conquer'd must be silent! Yet his peace
" Philo holds not, when tott'ring on the brink
" Of near destruction, Israelites, ye stand,
" And hesitate on ruin! Sad my speech,
" But shall we, children of a noble race,
" Sink deeper yet in shame? What shall I say?
" I cannot, men of Israel, here expose
" The crimes of Jesus. That dark catalogue
" Before your rulers in the Sanhedrim
" I openly display'd. His life there hung
" Upon my voice, and it awarded death!
" Already had his blood bedew'd our stones,
" But, as ye know, our hands no more may wield
" The sword of justice! Well yon rebel knows,
" That should he rouse our nation to revolt,
" The Romans with o'erwhelming force would soon
" Sweep us to ruin! Thousands stood of late
" His willing auditors, while he describ'd
" Jerusalem's last siege; her falling tow'rs,
" Her Temple in the dust! Alas, (so deep
" Your blind delusion,) ye admir'd his words!
" But he — he feels no pity! He beholds

" Jerusalem's approaching woe, he knows
" Himself the cause, yet drives his projects on !
" He sees our smoking Temple — he beholds
" Moriah sinking ne'er to rise again —
" Our altar prostrate on the ground; — he sees
" Jerusalem in tears — unmov'd he views
" The queen of cities, cloth'd in sackcloth sit,
" Bereft of all her children — on the earth
" Mould'ring they lie — e'en those whom hungry want,
" And pining woe, had spar'd, with iron hand
" Some bloody warrior dashes 'gainst the stones
" Of fall'n Jesusalem ! He sees all this !
" Alas, no fathers live to wail their fate,
" They fell in battle ! No fond mothers grieve,
" In want had they expir'd ! He sees all this,
" But feels no pity !" Philo ceas'd. The priests,
To win approval from the list'ning mob,
Shouted applause: no impulse needed they,
Their hearts in native wickedness were steel'd,
And prompt to evil.

Pilate sat meantime
Absorb'd in thought; at length again he ask'd,

" Which of the twain shall I release to you ?"
" Barabbas !" cried a shout that rent the air
With rage so shrill, that e'en th' angelic host,
Who round the Saviour stood, their faces turn'd
Trembling aside. " Barabbas !" was the cry.
Angrily Pilate rose. " What then," cried he,
" Am I to do with Jesus, with your King ?"
Loud yell'd the mob, while, stamping, they exclaim'd,
" Let him be crucified !" To quell the storm
Again the Roman sought: " What crime has he ?
" What evil hath he wrought to call for death ?"
To madness swell'd their fury. In their shout
The voices of the priests rose harsh and loud.
Gnashing their teeth and pale, with flaming eyes,
" Let him be crucified !" the people roar'd;
" Let him be crucified !" The city rung
With the tremendous cry — the appalling sound
Ran through the Temple's vacant aisles — the dust
Rose in the shaken air ! Pilate discern'd
How vain his efforts were to save a life
By thousands sought. With timid policy
(Beneath a Roman) he resolv'd to speak
The sentence of that man, whose innocence

He had himself proclaim'd. Once more his throne
He then resum'd, whence, but a moment past,
He had in fear descended. At his sign
A slave through the dividing people press'd,
And, quick returning, bore, with water fill'd,
A bright Corinthian vessel. Pilate then
Made signal to the crowd, and mute they stood
Gazing with wonder upwards. From the vase
The silver stream now pour'd, while solemnly
Before the multitude he lav'd his hands.
The angel, who had erst in Goshen's plain
Pass'd by with sparing hand the blood-stain'd doors,
Now o'er Judea soar'd tremendous, arm'd
With Heav'n's dread vengeance, with impending fate,
To dedicate the nation to their doom.
Full on the Saviour his attentive eye
The angel fix'd, and in the glance divine
He saw a tear with ruin's mandate mix.
Then utter'd the Destroyer those dread words
Of malediction, which through Heav'n are heard
When guilty nations are for judgment ripe.
Like that low moan which, ere the earthquake's shock,
Presages death, murmur'd the angel's voice.

Deep on a brazen tablet he engrav'd
The nation's doom, and to the throne of God
Carried the record. Pilate bade the slave
Remove the vessel, and exclaim'd aloud
" Lo, I am free from this just person's blood ;
" Take it, ye murderers, upon yourselves !"
Then Israel's angel, pale with horror, turn'd
His trembling face and left them ! With one voice
They now pronounc'd their doom. " On us," they cried,
" And on our children, be his blood !" Pale fear,
Silence, profound as death, anguish, and dread,
Now follow'd —not repentance ! On each side
Pilate then issued orders, and the guards
Led Jesus to be scourg'd, and to the mob
Releas'd the murderer. As from his limbs
Barabbas shook the fetters, wild he toss'd
His brawny arms in freedom, shouted loud
His savage joy, exulting stood awhile,
Then plung'd amid the crowd, who swift recoil'd
From his approach. Philo with joy beheld
The ruffian loos'd. Fain had his eager step
Pursu'd the Saviour to the Roman hall.
Before the gate with anxious mien he pac'd,

Then sudden stopp'd. Fain had his list'ning ear
Drank the sad cry of pain; his savage eye
Fain had beheld the sight of agony.

Oh heav'nly muse, though with averted face
Silent thou stand'st, forsake me not, but sing
In feeble, lamentable tones, the scourge,
The crown of mockery, the purple robe!
Round him, thick clust'ring, drew the brutal guards,
And with rude hands they stripp'd him. So the blast
Which sweeps the arid desert, tears the leaves
From some lone tree, whose verdure was the hope
Of many a wanderer! They bound him fast
Beside a pillar, and beneath the scourge
His blood gush'd forth. Eloa, at the sight,
Sunk down from Heav'n to Earth! A purple robe
They threw around him, placed in his right hand
A shining reed, and press'd upon his brow
A diadem of thorns. Beneath their points
His blood gush'd forth. Eloa, in the dust,
Prostrate ador'd him! Then took they —— But no!
My hand drops from the harp! I cannot sing
The suff'rings of th' Eternal Son of God!

Pilate beheld, and, touch'd with pity, fain
Again would move on his behalf the mob.
He bade the Saviour follow, while once more
To Gabbatha he issued. From afar
The multitude beheld the Saviour come
With slow and fainting footstep. His right hand
Pilate stretch'd tow'rds him. " Lo, I bring him forth,"
Aloud he cried, " once more to testify
" I find no fault in him !" Jesus advanc'd,
And all beheld him in the purple robe,
Wearing his bloody crown. In milder tones
The Roman then exclaim'd: " Behold the Man !"
As Pilate spoke, the Saviour gave command,
By look, to the attendant Cherubim
Who trembled round him. He pronounc'd no word,
But in his eye divine they read the glance
Of melting mercy which would fain assuage
The sorrows of his train. He bade them shed
Secret, but heav'nly balm, into their souls,
Peace, e'en in woe ! When bleeding on the cross
They should behold him, when he should expire,
When in the silent grave his corpse should lie !
The Roman saw he had in vain appeal'd

To an infuriate mob. Loudly they yell'd,
And, mid the roar, the Priests' harsh voices rose,
Distinct and shrill, " Let him be crucified !"
The cry increas'd. With anger Pilate said,
" Take him, and crucify him then yourselves !
" I find no fault in him !" He spoke, and turn'd
With wrathful gesture; but in quick reply
Caiaphas answer'd, " Roman, by our law
" Already is he doom'd to suffer death,
" For that he calls himself the Son of God !"
The heathen trembled as he heard the word,
And turn'd to Jesus, while with troubl'd voice,
" Tell me, whence com'st thou ?" eagerly he ask'd.
The Saviour spoke not; and the Roman cried,
In angry tone, " Dost thou not answer me ?
" What, know'st thou not thy life and death this hour
" Hang in my hand ?" — " Thou hadst no pow'r at all,"
The Saviour cried, " were it not giv'n from Heav'n !
" These, therefore, who deliver me to thee
" Are guiltier than thou !" The Roman turn'd
Once more to speak, — well might the furious mob
Read his emotion on his flushing cheek,
And fiercely they exclaim'd, " Should'st thou release

" Yon criminal, thou art not Cæsar's friend;
" For whosoever makes himself a king,
" Speaks against Cæsar !" Pilate heard their words,
His coward spirit fail'd him; yet he sneer'd,
As if in scorn, upon the multitude,
Who, gath'ring round the Saviour, now with shouts
Of savage triumph led him forth to death,
While the base Roman to his palace slunk.

# ABRIDGMENTS.

## CANTO I.

Line

117. From this line to the end of the speech 18 lines are at different periods omitted.

191. 3½ lines omitted.

295. 3 lines ditto.

517. 4 lines ditto.

733. 6 lines ditto, containing an intricate simile concerning this lower sun.

## CANTO II.

28. From this to the end of Adam's hymn, 20 lines are in different places omitted. The passage is also slightly altered; the original being a kind of dialogue between Adam and Eve.

53. 16 lines omitted, in which the Saviour asks and receives from Raphael a detail of John's nightly visions, &c.

Line.

388. 40 lines omitted, purporting that Adramelech had, on his expulsion from Heaven, pretended to find a tablet of prophecy, and had ostentatiously displayed it in a temple erected on earth to himself.

587. 3 lines omitted.

377. 3½ lines ditto.

## CANTO III.

60. 2½ lines omitted.

91. 4½ lines ditto.

133. 26 lines omitted at different places throughout this dialogue between Selith and Orion.

153. 8 lines omitted.

166. 5½ lines ditto.

256. 2½ lines ditto.

270. 5½ lines omitted in this simile.

451. 19 lines omitted, containing farther dialogue between Ithuriel and Selith.

455. 6 lines are here omitted, and a slight alteration made by substituting Raphael (John's guardian already mentioned) for Salem, a second, who is supposed also to attend him.

468. 17 lines omitted at different places throughout Raphael's speech.

540. 3½ lines omitted.

572. 3½ lines omitted in the remainder of the phantom's speech.

718. 10 lines omitted in that of Judas.

## CANTO IV.

Line

113. 6 lines omitted at different periods in this speech.
166. 23½ lines ditto ditto.
169. 4 lines omitted.
264. 7 lines ditto.
312. 8 lines at different places in this speech.
316. 16½ lines ditto ditto.
401. 72 lines ditto ditto.
507. 4 lines omitted.
515. 4 lines ditto.
526. 5 lines ditto.
555. 4 lines ditto.
573. 5½ lines ditto.
594. 5 lines ditto.
632. 10 lines ditto.
645. 5½ lines ditto.
658. 15½ lines, containing a dialogue between Mary and John.
714. 13 lines omitted at various places in this speech.
811. 19 lines ditto ditto.
849. 15 lines ditto ditto.
876. 65 lines are here omitted, containing a dialogue between the Saviour and Ithuriel: the latter asks and receives permission henceforth to abandon Judas, which is somewhat inconsistent with a passage in Canto VII.

Line

904. 41 lines omitted, containing quotations and applications of various prophecies.

907. 16 lines omitted.

959. 5½ lines ditto.

970. 4½ lines ditto.

1023. 8 lines omitted at different places in this speech.

1048. This well-known prayer is in some few places slightly altered from the German, in order to render it a more correct paraphrase of the English text.

## CANTO V.

58. 4 lines omitted.

75. 22 lines containing the names and histories of these souls, supposed to be six in number.

83. 28 lines omitted, containing the speech of Selima, one of these souls.

133. 23 lines omitted at various places in this speech.

195. 10 lines ditto ditto.

344. 4 lines omitted throughout this address.

664. From this to the end of the speech 20 lines are omitted in various places.

783. 4 lines omitted in different periods of this speech.

## CANTO VI.

No references are necessary in this Canto, as only seven lines and a half are omitted throughout the whole of it.

## CANTO VII.

Eight lines only being at various places omitted throughout the whole Canto, the abridgment is too minute to render references necessary.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

00043490

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016